C2 Staff copy

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1925 — NUMBER 34

"Lend Your Mind"

IT is strange what we lend of our minds. There is a phrase, "lend your mind to this." And people lend their minds to the consideration of business problems, of household detail, of plans of organization and of budgets. We lend our minds to the appreciation of amusing anecdotes and smart sayings, to the passing of conventionally courteous remarks. What we lend *of* our minds in common daily intercourse is another matter entirely.

Sometimes it seems as though most minds atrophied for the lack of lending. Ideas are exchanged,—yes. Points of view meet and clash. But two intelligences meeting and gradually beating a rising fire of imagination out of a chance spark of utterance constitute a rare enough spectacle. Most of us move through life in a half-vacant dream, so far as the imagination is concerned, rendering lip-service to a conventional litany. When some irritation at opinions sets us to rummaging our minds for an answer the chances are that we turn up mere dusty shibboleths or paw the scant heap of our ideas finding little to lend, little enough even to brandish in defiance.

Books do not seem to teach us to lend of our minds, truly to lend. We bandy pronouncements concerning the current volumes, but the man or woman who can clearly diagnose the exact ailment of a novel or saliently describe its true inwardness, relating it cogently to the life about us, is rare enough to command merely our silent respect. We have catch-words, we are stuffed with quotation marks,—but we ourselves have little to lend.

* * *

Folk are suspicious. It is not an easy matter, at that, to borrow of another person's mind. The real treasure is usually distrustfully guarded. All the surface remarks are but a shield. Conversation is a fencing with buttoned foils. The endeavor to appear completely intelligent in regard to every topic, the hurried cloaking of ignorance, the evasion of direct question, all this is merely fundamental in the school of fence of polite society. The chatter about literature and art is but so much passaging at arms. Hence the mere artist is often out of patience and feels all-elbows in such a fellowship, and his occasional remarks fall like brickbats or strike through sham congeniality like unwelcome steel.

What the artist really endeavors to do is to lend of his mind. In the past, and indeed sometimes in the present, this was and is regarded as an immodest disclosure. As if human beings were really modest! The most truly immodest disclosures one hears, as a matter of fact, are the smug mouthings of prejudice persuading itself that it is valiant opinion. We say "the artist endeavors" rather than "the writer" because many writers who believe that they are lending of their minds—for large sums—are merely debasing an excellent idea. They too pander to public prejudice, without truly giving of themselves.

True lending of the mind is no easy matter. It cannot, certainly, be achieved by constantly taking thought. It can only be cultivated through the growth in the temperament of what one might term generous curiosity. The more curious we become about the world the more we find in it; it can never grow dull. Censoriousness we may discard as an arid negative attitude. Healthy curiosity lends as freely as its listens. People about one emerge from shapes of flat pasteboard, labelled with easy labels, and are perceived in the round, rich in human virtues and vices. The reality of a very mixed world becomes exhilarating not depressing. Lay figures of human society with their phonograph speech excite amused pity.

Certainly an earnest attempt on the part of many people attentively to lend of their minds would result in terrible things! As we say, it is a difficult art in itself. Nevertheless we commend its judicious cultivation. The brusque and wayward, rude and mannerless artist who occasionally breaks into a modern polite conversation has more of the right of it than his outraged listeners would by any means allow. If he lends suddenly, startlingly, and with both unwelcome hands, it might be remembered that his indecorum has doubtless been stimulated by listening to a deal of banality. And perhaps the atmosphere of gentility is cleared to a certain extent and certain lungs are grateful for a draught of fresher air.

Salute

By ELINOR WYLIE

RIDING down the Avenue in the early morning
I passed a man who was going home to bed;
I was setting out and he was returning;
I was alive and he was dead.

I rode in a chariot of bright green metal,
He in a chariot of dull black wood,
And each of us was too tired to settle
Whose luck was bad and whose luck good.

The street flowed molten—a white-hot level;
Smoothly we passed in our painted hells;
I bowed my head to the other poor devil;
His was bowed before Someone Else.

I the waker and he the sleeper
Passed where the pearly dust hung thick;
He rode down where the dust lay deeper:
My dime went into the slot with a click.

This Week

A New Elia. By *Robert Cortes Holliday.*

Sin Comes to Brattle Street. By *Bernard De Voto.*

Maugham's Latest. By *Stanley Went.*

Dramatist Turned Novelist. By *Ben Ray Redman.*

Wall-Papers. By *William A. Drake.*

Confident To-Morrows. By *Ralph Barton Perry.*

Every Tuesday. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Robert Frost. By *Gorham Munson.*
Unnoticed. By *Robert Frost.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Passing of a Literary Era

By ARTHUR H. QUINN

THE recent death of George W. Cable and James Lane Allen, following so closely upon that of Thomas Nelson Page in 1923, brings to an end one of the most significant chapters in our literary history. It is only ten years since Francis Hopkinson Smith closed his versatile career, and only seventeen since the first break was made in the ranks of the great writers of Southern romance by the death of Joel Chandler Harris. All of them were born before the Civil War—Cable indeed fighting through it—all lived and wrote in the twentieth century. Smith was born before Hawthorne had issued "Twice Told Tales" and Cable before Poe had published "The Raven," and they emphasize the continuity of our literary achievement, something constantly forgotten by those who insist that the Muse visited these shores first in 1915 and perched unhesitatingly west of the Alleghenies.

To the superficial observer, it may seem that this group simply painted pictures of Southern life, tinged with romance, where men were brave and women fair and charming. That they did, of course, but they did far more, and their choice of material, their methods of treatment, and, above all, their attitude toward American life in general may be distinguished with some profit to those who realize that after all, classification is of value mainly to call attention to variety. We who have the good fortune to live in the United States are becoming accustomed to having our blessings explained to us by foreign visitors and the list usually begins with Democracy. From the point of view of literary achievement, however, we do not know exactly what to do with it. For the artist in words or colors, who searches instinctively after contrasts, Democracy seems at first a leveling and a destroying creature. In time the more subtle distinctions grow under the hand of the great writer into quite as deep and profound contrasts as the aristocratic concept of life provided, but it takes, I believe, the greater artist to find them. Page illustrates clearly and delightfully the patrician striving to be the democrat. In a letter written to me some years ago in consequence of a printed appreciation of his work, he said:

"I have no doubt that your estimate of the comparative merits of my short stories and of my novels is absolutely correct and I have a secret fear that my earlier stories, those in dialect, are superior in their appeal to any that I have written since. If I find you selecting 'Marse Chan' and 'Meh Lady' in preference to 'Edinburg's Drowndin'' and 'Polly,' I have no right to complain and it brings me a reflection which I have always had: as to what is the secret of the success of the story or novel. Is it the *theme* or the *art* with which any theme, reasonably broad is handled, or is it something growing out of the union of the two? Personally I have always estimated 'Edinburg's Drowndin'' as possibly the broadest of my stories, at least as the one giving a reflection of the broadest current of the old Southern life, and so far as literary art is concerned, it seems to me at least on a par with the others. I think, therefore, it must be the unrelieved tragedy in 'Marse Chan' or the fact that 'Meh Lady' appealed to both sides, and was written to make this appeal, that has given them a prestige, if I may use so important a word, far beyond that of 'Edinburg's Drowndin'' and 'Ole 'Stracted.' 'Little Darby,' 'Run to Seed' and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Elsket,' which you have signalized with the stamp of your imprimatur, I also think among the very best stories I have written. The first two of these appeal to me almost as much as the dialect stories. The first of these was written on precisely the same theme with 'Marse Chan' and out of the consciousness that whereas the tragedy of 'Marse Chan' was laid in the highest social rank, the incident which had given rise to it was based on a letter written by a poor girl, of much lower rank, to her lover, who like 'Marse Chan' had found his death on the battlefield, and I felt somehow that it was due to that class that I should testify with whatever power I might possess, to their devotion to the South. If there is a difference it seems to me that it lies rather in the fact that readers estimate as more romantic a tragedy in the upper ranks of life than in the lower, whereas, we know that rank has nothing to do with it."

In the very denial of the last sentence, the consciousness of caste rings through. When Hopkinson Smith describes Colonel Carter of Cartersville, he puts the case even more clearly, for he had a broader vision:

"What a frank, generous, tender hearted fellow he is; happy as a boy; hospitable to the verge of beggary; enthusiastic as he is visionary; simple as he is genuine; a Virginian of good birth, fair education, and limited knowledge of the world and of men, proud of his ancestry, proud of his state; and proud of himself; believing in States' Rights, slavery, and the Confederacy, and away down in the bottom of his soul still clinging to the belief that poor white trash of the earth includes about everybody outside of Fairfax County."

One of the most embarrassing moments of my life presented itself through a question put to me by Hopkinson Smith. "You read a lot of these American writers, don't you?" he inquired. "Yes," I replied, "it is my business." "Well," he continued, "perhaps you can tell me something, then. How much of my stuff is going to last?" How I answered him, I cannot remember. I hope I was sincere. Just what is to remain among the work of these five writers as a permanent contribution to our literature in the placid days after "Main Street" and "The Triumph of the Egg" are forgotten? I am most sure of the early work of all of them. With Cable it is "Old Creole Days," "Madam Delphine" and "The Grandissimes." With Page it is "In Ole Virginia" and "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock." With Smith, it is "Colonel Carter" and "The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman." With Allen it is "The Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath," and "The Choir Invisible." With Harris it is, of course, the Uncle Remus stories and "Free Joe." To be sure, much of their later work has its own special merit, like "Red Rock," "Bonaventure," or "The Tides of Barnegat," but each had, like many another writer, his great moment and like many others he went on writing while the clock still ticked, but did not always strike the hour. It will be noticed that many of these early works are short stories and perhaps therein lies one reason for their superiority, for the art of all but Allen gained by the limitations of unity and compression. Smith learned these qualities, as he indicated more than once, from Bret Harte, and the rest may have studied from that model also. When we notice how the short story of "The Island of the Holy Cross," a powerful tale of the slave insurrection in the Danish West Indies, rises out of the confused mass of "The Flower of the Chapdelaines" we realize that Cable's art is best reflected in the shorter form.

But even when the less permanent elements of their work are cleared away, what a residue remains! Cable told me that when he was a clerk in a cotton warehouse, he was a member of a group of young men who wrote stories and criticized each others' work. One of them went to California and on his return told Cable that he should go there at once for that was the land of romance. But Cable replied that while his friend was away, he had discovered in New Orleans a vein of romance which lay at his hand but which all had neglected, the Creole race. In the group of stories that make up "Old Creole Days," he painted a picturesque people, proud of its descent from the earliest French and Spanish settlers, and inheriting their adventurous spirit, dreading the contamination of mixed blood, with life cheap but honor dear. Skilfully he drew a contrast between a few strong characters ruling a large unthrifty population, enjoying freedom from responsibility as their greatest blessing,—a race living contentedly an unsanitary life—with a shadow of dread in the yellow fever always over them—a loyal, tender, revengeful, unreliable race, in short, a Latin race with its energy toned down by climate and years of irresponsible power over a subject people.

The very architecture of the place is romantic,—the houses with their shades of color, the irregular streets, narrow and winding, the balconies with their suggestions of mystery behind them, the courtyards, cool and quiet spots of retreat from the glare. Against this background of an old world civilization in a new world Cable drew some imperishable figures. For reserved tragic strength, for dramatic intensity, the scene in which Madame Delphine, the quadroon, denies her own flesh and blood in order that her daughter may marry the man she loves, is matched in our literature only by the later episode which brings her tortured soul to the confessional of Père Jerome, whence it passes from the comfort of revelation to her earthly friend and pastor to the peace of God. There is no argument against slavery, its terrible effects are drawn by a hand far above the sentimental ecstasies of Uncle Tom, but Cable used the motive as he used it later in the magnificent figure of the African King, Bras Coupé, in "The Grandissimes," simply for the establishment of character.

Page seems not to have realized that the appeal of his short stories lay chiefly in their artistic handling of the theme of loyalty. Whether it was the fidelity of a slave to his master, as in "Marse Chan," a fidelity against which the gates of death closed in vain, or the fortitude of "Little Darby," who saves the confederate army by apparently becoming a traitor, or the constancy of Elsket, the Norse woman, to her lover, it was the instinctive reaction of a reader to the old theme of human fidelity that carried the stories into their deserved success. In "Red Rock" Page painted the South in the days of reconstruction, when a brave people who asked only to be let alone with their great problem were driven to desperation by politicians like Jonadab Leech. In another portion of the letter quoted above, Page says, "After I had written a third or more of the novel I discovered that I had drifted into the production of a political tract and, discarding what I had written, and going back beyond the war, in order to secure a point of departure which would enable me to take a more serene path, I rewrote it entirely. I had discovered that the real facts in the reconstruction period were so terrible that I was unable to describe them fully without subjecting myself to the charge of gross exaggeration." His picture of reconstruction days is much more vivid than that which Cable gives us in "John Marsh, Southerner," or Harris in "Gabriel Tolliver."

* * *

Smith was the most uneven of the group. He worked on a broader canvas and in his pictures of life, here or abroad, he carried the enthusiastic description of the picturesque beyond that of any of his contemporaries. At times his plots are formless and his heroines are pretty much all alike. "Kennedy Square," which Smith thought to be his best novel, but which is not, is a charming study of a portion of a Southern city, laid in Baltimore but really drawn from a square which Smith had seen in Savannah. It is just because Smith the painter was so much interested in his background, that he sometimes neglected to construct a plot. But at times he is unrivalled in his creation of Southern characters—Colonel Carter, Aunt Nancy, Chad, Bud Tilden, remain vivid in the memory. And Smith limited himself less to Southern life than any of the rest. "The Tides of Barnegat," laid in New Jersey amid a civilization, prosperous seventy years ago but now fallen into decay, is the best constructed of his novels and the final scene in which father and son are thrown out of the sea, locked in the grip of death, rises to a high level of dramatic intensity. Tom Grogan, his story of an Irishwoman who takes her husband's place as a subcontractor, is as vivid as any character portrayal of the Southern types.

Harris, too, knew how to contrast Northern and Southern characters and he rivalled Page in the portrayal of the conflict between the sections in the Civil War. "On the Wings of Occasion," his volume of stories which deal with the Confederate Secret Service, is not read nearly as often as it should be, for it contains a picture of Lincoln from the Southern point of view which is original and striking. But Harris, because of his profound significance, is a writer who belongs not alone to the South, but to the English speaking race, and the limits of this survey forbid any real analysis of his most important work.

In a sense, too, Allen is of and yet not of the group. His art, in some respects of a rarer quality, was guided in its development by a theory which would require for its interpretation a separate and very specific treatment. Like the others he selected his material at the beginning from the point of view of romance, but there he parted from them. Cable and Page and Smith one can compare and contrast for they belong to the same company. They, too, selected their material from the romantic point of view, but while Cable treated that material with a realism which holds the romance in check, Page and Smith proceeded, with the treatment of the idealist, to heighten and touch up characters and scenes until they become types rather than individuals. The latter is, of course, the usual method, but while the colors are more vivid, it results in less faithful drawing and in less enduring portraits. That is why Madame Delphine rises above even Colonel Carter and Meh Lady.

It was a brave world these men painted for us, shot through with loyalty and patriotism, with sacrifice for the sake of honor, with a pride of race that passed from memory to memory. When this life faded out of America it left a void that has not been filled, but the Providence that watches over a people's literature decreed that before it disappeared it should be interpreted by those who wrought with skill and with sincerity. Perhaps when we are no longer interested in prying into the purlieus of our national byways we shall return for comfort to this record of a noble dream.

A New Elia

CHARLES LAMB: A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924.

Reviewed by Robert Cortes Holliday

ALICE BROWN, a creative artist of native and original talent long proved, rather surprises us by her recent inclination toward an essay into the field of purely literary playfulness. "Anyhow," the reader says, as he opens the little volume, "Charles Lamb: A Play," "Alice Brown wouldn't do anything that she didn't want to do, nor would she do anything that she didn't do well." The preface to this "colloquy" states, as one would expect, that "it is not meant to chronicle the weather that beat upon Charles Lamb and his beloved Mary, but the stoutness of heart with which they met it." So there can be no quarrel with the author's playing hob with fact and time and place. The reader is sympathetically all set to receive the imaginatively distilled "essence of Charles Lamb's life, ripe with hidden drama."

To make no bones about speaking bluntly, he gets an awful shock. First thing, his conception of the madness in the Lamb household had been of something shadowy and legendary and perhaps not unromantic. To be plumped into a scene of blithering idiots, John and Charles and Mary, is a thing decidedly rasping upon the nerves. Much startled, he begins to question the good taste of this performance. Insanity stalking upon the boards, it strikes him, is hardly delicate humor for a well-bred audience today. And when, in this matter, the note is changed to what purports to be drama, the reader's discomfort grows much worse. When Mary murders her mother staringly before one's eyes the reader's feeling is one of horror—at the length to which evidently it is possible for an author of high standing to be betrayed.

The writer of this review recently had occasion to do considerable reading in connection with a hospital for stammerers and stutterers; owing to this, perhaps, he is especially conscious that among enlightened people now the affliction which was Charles Lamb's is not regarded as a joke. In addition to the characters of the Lamb family, the figures of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, *et al.*, are very sad. The conclusion is the height of sentimentality.

In sum, the reader's general reaction to this little play is the awakening of a suspicion that maybe, in his habit as he lived, Lamb was not altogether the enchanting fellow of the legend. Those who love their Lamb, and who would continue to love him, would perhaps do just as well to keep away from it. And those who have a concern for American literature will hope that the author will promptly revert to continuing the cultivation of her natural gifts, which are considerable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sin Comes to Brattle Street

WILD MARRIAGE. By B. H. LEHMAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

HOW many Harvard men, strolling down Brattle Street on the way to Fresh Pond, have amused themselves by imagining novels which would bring sin to that reverend thoroughfare, it is perhaps unkind to wonder. Such musings, musings which even a few weeks in Cambridge suffice to rouse, are now vindicated. For with "Wild Marriage" sin comes to Brattle Street. And not only is the sinner the son of a professor at Harvard, but his name is Dunster and he is the direct line of the first president Dunster himself.

"Wild Marriage," though it concerns the life of a young man who is at least nominally a Harvard student, is not a college novel. It is peopled by the chaste precisians of the Cambridge world and its machinery turns on a professor, his assistant, and even a dean. But there is no aura of alcohol, profanity, or petting; no beery jesting or solemnity about God, ideals, or Cynara. Mr. Lehman waited to grow up before he published his novel. Consequently it lacks the mathematical diablerie, the Passing Show cosmetics, and the slightly rancid epigrams which have characterized the Big Three sweepstakes of recent years—in an order better kept anonymous. The impression he leaves is not one of precocity unsupported by depth. He is suave and sophisticated, where he might have been only smart and assured.

* * *

The Cambridge of charities, discussion clubs, and the concerts at Sanders Theater knew what to dread when Elam Dunster came to Harvard. For, though he was the son of a professor of geology, his mother had taken him to Europe when she fled there with a lover, many years ago. Nor has Cambridge been able to justify the providence that has kept Berenice both happy and wealthy in her sin and has permitted Elam to develop into a handsome young man quite unashamed of his mother's past. Even Professor Dunster does not know whether to be pleased or dismayed by the decision which has brought his son home to attend an American college. But everyone knows what to think when Elam, after displaying literary talent and philandering with the star of "Falling Petals," is away from Cambridge over night with Madeleine Colquhom, the wife of his father's assistant. Heredity has a place in Cambridge categories.

Elam is not in love with Madeleine. She merely satisfies the conventions of a poet whose experience has been continental—till their tentative innocence compromises her, after which he lapses into adolescence and resolves to offer her a life of loveless devotion so that she may fulfil herself loving him. They are restored to sanity, and the stuttering horror of Cambridge is allayed, when Berenice, the sinner, charmingly confronts the village and explains Elam to Madeleine.

* * *

Though nothing extraordinary in substance, the novel is made distinguished by manner and detail. Mr. Lehman recreates perfectly the difficult scene of Cambridge; with quiet mirth and a great deal of deftness he has gone behind the walls that provoke such musings on Brattle Street and has given us the essence of what he found there. The reader breathes Cambridge air and hears Cambridge talk. The individuality of this New England Stonehenge is conveyed as effectively as was ever that of Zenith or Spoon River.

A few vestiges of the classroom show that Mr. Lehman has not yet been long enough away from Harvard. The style has its moments of preciosity. Elam's literary talent impedes the narrative. And Elam himself, as a character, suggests that his creator has allowed the shibboleth of "indifference" to impress him too long. The other characters are splendidly done, Berenice most of all. She lights up every page she touches; and the professor, Madeleine, and Mrs. Couden are just less satisfying than she. All these, and the multitude of Cambridge folk, so economically and so graphically pictured, make the reader impatient with the contradictions of Elam. Mr. Lehman, painting a man who he alleges is a sophisticated thinker, should not have let him be even occasionally immature.

But "Wild Marriage" (the inflammatory title belies an honest book) is a distinguished novel, one that moves rapidly and sanely, one that is not easily laid aside nor soon forgotten. Best of all, it is devoid of thesis and of pose. Of its own right it enjoins respect, and it suggests that Mr. Lehman's future will be whatever he may want it to be.

Maugham's Latest

THE PAINTED VEIL. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2 net.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

MR. Maugham wastes little time in preliminaries but plunges precipitately into the middle of things. I can only do him justice by quoting the first page of his new novel verbatim.

She gave a startled cry.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Notwithstanding the darkness of the shuttered room he saw her face on a sudden distraught with terror.

"Some one just tried the door."

"Well, perhaps it was the amah, or one of the boys."

"They never come at this time. They know I always sleep after tiffin."

"Who else could it be?"

"Walter," she whispered, her lips trembling.

She pointed to his shoes. He tried to put them on, but his nervousness, for her alarm was affecting him, made him clumsy, and besides, they were on the tight side. With a faint gasp of impatience she gave him a shoe-horn. She slipped into a kimono and in her bare feet went over to her dressing-table. Her hair was shingled and with a comb she had repaired its disorder before he had laced his second shoe. She handed him his coat.

"How shall I get out?"

"You'd better wait a bit. I'll look out and see that it's all ri~ht."

Blake at Hampstead. From "William Blake in This World," by Harold Bruce (Harcourt, Brace)

Naturally the gentle reader is startled into attention, takes a firm grip on the covers and settles down to the story with the pleasing assurance that he is in for an agreeable series of possibly disagreeable thrills.

A clever piece of salesmanship! Of course it is. But it is a good deal more than just that. If the purpose was salesmanship the execution is consummate art.

There are just 169 words on that first page. It is an instructive lesson in the art of compression to itemize the information and suggestion that the author has managed to get into those 169 words:

Item: The scene is an English colony in the Orient.

Item: An adulterous episode has just taken place.

Item: It has been discovered or suspected, probably by the injured husband.

Item: The gentleman concerned is of unstable character, prone to pass from unreasoning optimism (note the cheery suggestion that it may only be the amah) to the borders of panic (note the difficulty with the shoe).

Item: He is inclined to vanity (note the tight shoes).

Item: The lady's character has its practical as well as its romantic side (note the alert proffer of a shoe-horn).

All this in 169 words, and an advertisement of the advantages of shingled hair for certain occasions thrown in gratis. The Victorians would have taken up three-fourths of volume one with the necessary preliminaries to the devastating discovery. The very modern Mr. Maugham flashes, as it were, a picture and a pungent title upon the screen, and his reader knows not only what the story is about but has a pretty fair idea of the kind of people he is dealing with.

Not even the fleet Mr. Nurmi can run the second mile quite as fast as the first, and it is hardly to be expected that the break-neck pace set by Mr. Maugham at the beginning should be carried throughout the book. Indeed, if both pace and compression were kept up, there would hardly be a book at all. Nevertheless, page 1, quoted *in extenso*, gives as much information about the story as any reviewer can reasonably be expected to give. With Mr. Maugham's art it is impossible to have any quarrel. As to his taste there may fairly be differences of opinion. This story is intensely interesting on account of the ingenious twist which the author has given to a commonplace situation, as well as for the admirable characterization of the three individuals who form the points of the triangle; but really Mr. Maugham is rather cynically unpleasant when, having led us to believe that we are dealing with a reformed and virtuous heroine, he throws her again without warning into the arms of her rather ridiculous paramour. This is a physical episode that leaves one with a sense of physical disgust.

Dramatist Turned Novelist

PRISONERS. By FRANZ MOLNAR. Translated from the Hungarian by Joseph Szebenyei. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WRITING in New York City, and in the year 1925, it is extremely difficult to dissociate the novelist of "Prisoners" from the dramatic author of "Liliom," "The Swan," and "The Guardsman"; yet some such dissociation is necessary if we are fairly to judge the first novel by Franz Molnar to appear in English. With our ears echoing all the ill-considered eulogies evoked by the Hungarian's plays, it would be easy to invest this simple story with an importance it does not possess. For it is really very simple and quite trivial: a small, competent piece of fiction, and little more. It should not be taken too seriously.

But we cannot rid ourselves of the knowledge that Molnar is a dramatist, a successful dramatist; and, knowing this, we are struck forcibly by the fact that in this novel the author has made no use of his dramatic powers, choosing instead to employ his powers of narration. Dramatic as the story is in its conception, it is determinedly undramatic in its execution; not one scene has been developed after the manner of the playwright; the material has all been subjected to the story-teller's art. And as a story-teller Molnar is eminently successful, although limited in this instance by the tale he has chosen to recount. It is slight and it is unplausible; but one reads it to the end with a continuous sense of anticipation, for the author has the gift of directing the reader's interest to the page always just ahead. His art in "Prisoners" is that of the unpretentious raconteur: he tells his story easily, directly, as before his own fire he might tell it to a friend, and the reader listens readily. No psychological analyses halt the narrative, the characters exist by virtue of their actions, the tale moves evenly to its close. Here is an art learned, perhaps, in the trade of journalism, that Molnar has practiced so assiduously; but it is a fine product of journalism, not the crude thing itself.

The place is Budapest, and the first scene is in the old city prison, to which Lenke Rimmer, youthful daughter of the warden, has come to live for the brief interval between the completion of her formal education and her marriage to Nicholas Chathy, a fledgling of the law. Lenke is an innocent, colorless product of middle-class respectability; Nicholas is a decent, industrious, rather dull young fellow. Their destiny seems clear: they will marry and produce a great number of children, all of whom will be brought up with clean hands and faces, and with a proper respect for State and Church. But fate plays a pawn in the person of Riza Nagy, a comely, pastry-shop cashier, with a lurid past behind her; and on the chess-board there appear unanticipated patterns. Riza steals, and Nicholas is engaged to defend her. Riza passion-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ately declares to Nicholas that she loves him, that she has stolen for his sake, so that she might purchase finery with which to attract his eyes, and that, Lenke or no Lenke, she is determined to have him. To a young man of Nicholas's nature and habits this is all very upsetting. How can he escape from the predicament? He doesn't.

I have dwelt on the simplicity of the story and emphasized the absence of psychological analysis; but there is no ignoring the fact that whenever Molnar writes about the poor and the miserable there is a philosophical, and almost mystical, undertone in his work. "His heroes and his heroines are always the creatures of misfortune," remarks Joseph Szebenyei; and it is obvious that Molnar finds in the oppressed and downtrodden a vital potency that he fails to discover in their more fortunate fellows. Poverty and wretchedness,—it is from these forcing-beds, Molnar would have us believe, that the richest human life is made to spring. This conviction colors all his work; fervently he subscribes to the assurance that the poor shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. And in that assurance he seems to find vast consolation.

A New Sabatini

THE CAROLINIAN. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by GERALD CHITTENDEN

IN spite of his almost incredible fecundity, one still says "a new Sabatini" instead of merely "another Sabatini." "The Carolinian," the first of the author's books to deal with a purely American situation, has all the qualities which we greeted with delight in "Scaramouche" and "Captain Blood"—to wit, a well-seen and carefully built historical setting, rapid action working through the pattern of an alluring plot, and characters who walk with the authentic swing of romance. Inevitably, the purely historical figures like John Rutledge and Col. Moultrie move somewhat more stiffly than do Sabatini's own creations, but even these have been carefully individualized, with a due regard to historical truth.

Harry Latimer and Myrtle Cary, the two principals are appealing, as well as reasonable beyond the Sabatini tradition. Of course, they do not—indeed should not—ruin the plot by being frank with each other in certain crises of the Revolutionary War, but such reticence has always been characteristic of romantic fiction and probably always must be. One convention at least is smashed—they marry in the middle of the book instead of at the end of it, and undergo more trouble after the ceremony than they did before.

It is not necessary to say that the action is swift and intriguing; it always is in a Sabatini book. "The Carolinian," probably, is the best since "Scaramouche."

Wall-Papers

HISTORIC WALL-PAPERS, FROM THEIR INCEPTION TO THE INTRODUCTION OF MACHINERY. By NANCY MCCLELLAND. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1924. $25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. DRAKE

THE history of wall decorations in paper dates from the sixteenth century and in itself affords a more interesting subject for study than the development of any other of the thousand devices which contribute to the comfort and dignity of our material surroundings and render them more pleasing to the eye. In the last sixty years the multiplicity of cheap papers of garish and monstrous design has so vulgarized the ancient art that elaborate wall-papers have almost fallen into disuse. The smoke of the city, Grand Rapids furniture, mass production, and the simplification of taste have combined, each in its own degree, to produce this degradation; but the chief cause has been the disastrous encroachment of color-process printing on a fundamentally manual art, whose delicate nuances of tone and whose versatility of design cannot be duplicated by mechanical expedients. Now, after an eclipse that has lasted substantially since 1867, private experimenters are again making papers from wood-blocks by the old method; and the great corporations, with more expansive facilities at their disposal, are enlisting the services of excellent designers and endeavoring to enhance the beauty of their product. Interior decorators are making increased use of paper in their plans for the furnishing of large houses; and on the whole there exists every evidence to support the belief that fine wall-paper is on the eve of a renewed and enduring vogue.

The formal history of wall-paper manufacture is more fascinating than that of printing. Before the invention of the printing press, papers in imitation of Beauvais and Gobelin tapestries were produced from stencilled designs. Among the first products of the printing press were wall-panels impressed from wood-blocks and bearing quaint geometrical devices and crude floral figures. Later, the French Dominotiers, those grand masters of wall-paper manufacture, developed a process of marbelizing paper; and for centuries their delectable product, with its finely polished surfaces and its versatile designs as intangible and dainty as clouds, was exceedingly popular.

In the sixteenth century, in France (where the art of decorative paper making was largely localized), there existed three important guilds: the Dominotiers, who manufactured marbled paper for wall decoration and for the trades; the Tapissiers, who manufactured domino and tapestry papers; and the Imagiers, who printed from wood-blocks plaques depicting scenes of biblical or mythological significance and popular cartoons, the work of the latter bearing a printed legend to explain its meaning. In 1586 these three guilds united into a corporate body and shared their particular secrets with one another, to the immense advantage of all concerned. This consolidation, however, brought down upon them the vigorous wrath of the guild of printers, which had for long been viewing the growing success of the guilds of designers with discontent.

The printers' union appears to have been as powerful in the sixteenth century as it is today. Almost immediately upon the association of the decorators' guilds, the resentment of the printers at their intrusion began to translate itself into legal action. The decorators were enjoined from the use of type and printing machinery, and finally made subservient to the guild of printers. In 1723 this enactment was revised to permit the use of type inscriptions not exceeding six lines in length; but in 1768, when a provision was passed compelling the presence of a master printer at all such operations and the locking of the presses in his absence, and penalizing infractions of this rule by heavy fines and confiscations, the guilds of decorators gave up the struggle and devoted themselves thenceforth to the manufacture of non-representational papers for use in the box- and book-making industries.

But events were now moving rapidly, despite the embarrassment of the Imagiers and their unfortunate associates. Nearly half a century before, in 1688, Jean Papillon had hit upon the idea of pasting the ordinary sheets (12½ x 16½ inches) of illuminated paper together in strips of repeating designs for use as wall coverings. These designs, usually simple in pattern, were engraved on blocks of pear-wood and transferred, the color being filled in by hand with or without the aid of stencils. These tapestry papers continued in vogue until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Reveillon established his famous manufactory and began making representational wall-panels after the designs of the finest painters of the day. In 1799 the process of printing on continuous rolls was introduced by Nicholas Louis Robert, and the popularization of wall-paper, which eventually led to its disrepute, was begun.

The entrance of English manufacturers in the wall-paper field was encouraged by the failure of a famous French artisan to pay Robert the price stipulated for his invention. John Baptiste Jackson had already established in England a factory similar to that of Reveillon, and his famous murals, the Roman ruins and the Venetian scenes, painted in oils, bring high prices when they are occasionally placed on sale today. So, likewise, do Jean Zauber's miniature landscapes; and so especially do the products of the American manufacturers, whose activities began as early as 1740.

The mechanical elaboration of wall-paper manufacture advanced with disconcerting rapidity, once it had begun. In 1840 color printing was perfected by Isidore Leroy. In 1847 steam was successfully applied to operate this color press by James Houston. Paper manufacture had been reduced to a mechanical process long before, and in the general frenzy to reduce the price of these new papers the use of hand-made all-rag papers was completely discarded, as was the practice of hand-working the designs. The colors produced by this mechanical process were raw and brittle, and the designs, intended chiefly for the homes of the lower classes, were tawdry and garish. This excessive popularity and its consequent emphasis upon vulgar appeal compelled the abandonment of wall-paper as decoration in the better homes, and it is only recently that commercial manufacturers have developed designs and tones acceptable to the cultivated eye.

Such is the main outline of the fascinating story of wall-paper, as told by Miss Nancy McClelland in her charming book. The text, which is written in a sprightly and interesting style, is illustrated with twelve excellent color plates and 245 in half-tone; and the book is further enriched by a pleasant introduction by M. Henri Clouzot. Miss McClelland, who is a well-known decorator and an accepted authority on old paper, has been at pains to gather into this volume the whole history of this little-known art; and her narrative, as well as her carefully prepared appendices, are of permanent value as the standard authority on the subject, which it graces and dignifies. Little has been written on wall-paper in any language, and in English we have had only Miss Kate A. Sanborn's rather slight essay, "Old-Time Wall-Papers," published in 1905. The volume itself is the finest example of book-making by an American publisher which came to my attention in 1924.

Confident Tomorrows

THESE UNITED STATES. A SYMPOSIUM. Edited by ERNEST GRUENING. Second Series. Boni & Liveright. New York. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

WILL the present epoch in American history be known to posterity as an age of nationality or of decentralization? We are certainly self-conscious, but not less conscious of what divides us than of what unites us. We are backing away from Europe, but we are also backing away from Washington. We are as suspicious of federal control as we are of entangling alliances, and vote down the child-labor amendment even more heartily than the League of Nations. Whatever may be thought of the political effects there is in this spirit of localism much that is fruitful for literature and the arts. The country has grown too big for a landscape or portrait, or to have its essence conveyed in a single image. To save Americanism from becoming abstract and banal it must be allowed to preserve its variety and multiple tradition. The recent literary movement, which, even though it should not turn out to be literature is unquestionably a movement, has sprung from the local rather than the cosmopolitan or national mind of America. It expresses a keen sense of the physiognomy of the neighborhood, the section, or the class; or the recollection of the struggle by which some particular plain or valley, some unique promised land, was wrested from the wilderness. The present book, together with its companion volume, makes a substantial contribution to this pluralistic cult. As the story of each state is told in turn it is always a different story, which gains in vividness from the total absence of any thread of connection with the rest. Nor is it a matter merely of describing what is there, but of creating identity in the very act of distinguishing it.

It is extraordinary how real an entity a state is. This marked individuality might have been expected of the thirteen colonies, or of the relics of fallen empires, such as Florida, Louisiana, and California. But there seems to be a magic even in the surveyor's chain by which geometric areas somehow acquire

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... Associate Editor
AMY LOVEMAN ..... Associate Editor
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... Contributing Editor

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Henry R. Luce, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 34.

Copyright, 1925, by The Saturday Review of Literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a soul of their own. The fact is, of course, that our federal form of government makes it necessary for each of these artificial units, even when it resembles its neighbors in climate, natural resources, and racial composition, to work out its problems in its own way; so that each begins at once to have a history and a mind of its own. There is, in other words, a *growth* as well as a creation of statehood. In this aspect the new states are even more interesting than the old. Wyoming, for example, has during the last fifty years been little more than a field of economic exploitation, passing in rapid succession through three revolutionary changes from large-scale cattle raising under absentee syndicates to small-scale cattle raising under local owners, from cattle raising to dry-farming, and from dry-farming to oil. Idaho, Montana, and Oklahoma have passed through similar fluctuations, and what in the end they are going to be no man can certainly predict. But meanwhile the peoples of these states are struggling with their peculiar problems, learning their political lessons, accumulating memories, and, each in its own peculiar way, becoming stable human societies.

The first volume of "These United States" contained accounts of twenty-seven. The present volume adds the remaining twenty-one,—Virginia, Minnesota, Montana, Florida, Illinois, West Virginia, New Hampshire, Wyoming, North Carolina, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Idaho, New York, Kentucky, Washington, New Mexico, Indiana, Rhode Island, Missouri, North Dakota, and Georgia, together with the territories of Alaska, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, and the District of Columbia.

The writers are sometimes native sons and sometimes transient visitors; some look with an admiring eye and some deal the faithful wounds of a friend. Most are journalists or magazine writers, and some like Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, and Manley Hudson might reasonably claim an even higher status. Their biographies are, however, modestly appended with the rest. The style of the essays does not suggest Gibbon, but there is vividness, fluency, sprightliness, and even humor. Interesting and worthy-to-be read they are, beyond question.

Whether one feels better about his country as a whole for having read this book it is difficult to say. More than ever one is impressed with its awful greatness. But shall one hope or despair? There is medicine in the book to cure any excess of either emotion. If any American fears that he may be getting too shallowly optimistic or complacently self-satisfied, let him turn, for example, to Georgia, and read of a cruel hatred deliberately fomented among the poor for the enrichment of the rich; or to West Virginia, and read of the brutalizing effects of industrial war. Then if he finds himself too morbidly depressed he may read of Virginia, the Gentle Dominion,—a "garden of memories," where there is still "consideration for others"; or, if he prefers another scale of values, he may turn to North Carolina and read of a 176% increase in taxable wealth in ten years, including the largest towel, hosiery, underwear, pulp, damask, and denim mills in the world,—to say nothing of Duke and all his works. Or, if he be too much troubled by the vileness of man he may feast his imagination upon the pleasant prospect of nature. For however vicious his personal habits, in his alliance with the southern half of the North American continent, the American has married a bride endowed with both beauty and a fortune.

Even the most sordid American scene has, apparently, its redeeming features; either this, or there is something in the genius of the American writer that prevents his despairing of human nature. In Montana "one may still speak to a man as a man—before drilling him or his business or his reputation full of holes." Even Mr. Dreiser feels that there is something elevating in the "soil and light" of Indiana. Despite the dreadful tragedy and bitterness of race hatred, of which he is a victim as well as an observer, Mr. DuBois has yet the heart to say "and yet—and yet, stranger things have happened under the sun than understanding between those who are born blind."

Everywhere, even where the picture is darkest, there is a promise of better things to-morrow. As Mr. Dexter writes of Roger Williams and Rhode Island: "He kept his faith in the lively experiment in the face of adverse circumstances; may we not believe that enough of his spirit remains in the Commonwealth he founded at least to justify its motto, 'Hope'?"

The BOWLING GREEN

Every Tuesday

"EVERY tuesday," wrote John Donne in one of his weekly letters to his friend Goodyed, "I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a weeks life is run out since I writ. But if I aske my self what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the Spider in my window."

And this came to me with a shock (it is the splendor of Donne that almost everything he wrote comes to you with a crash of recognition) because it was precisely my own case. For it is Tuesday evening that I had set aside in my budget of Time for writing the weekly Bowling Green. Though I never manage to get at it until Wednesday forenoon, just before the printer is expecting his copy. Tuesday evening, when one knows that the Green is debit, so becomes the most fertile of the week for something else. It becomes the best of Shroves.

* * *

The revival of interest in Donne, gathering undercurrent for several years, now is unquestionable. Two new books about him, this winter alone; and in "Elizabeth's" just-published novel, "Love," I find one of her characters busy reading Donne and hankering to talk about him. In such brilliant poets as Elinor Wylie and John Crowe Ransom I seem to observe a voice that the Dean would have understood. It is plain that there is something in Donne that speaks to our present time.

I am an incapable porter of such explosive baggage as John Donne's writings. A little flash of him goes me a long way. Even books about him carry the same difficult voltage, so that I dip into them rather than ponder through. But in Hugh Fausset's "John Donne: A Study in Discord," though I have not traversed it all, I found suggestions that led me toward private analogies valuable to myself. Mr. Fausset, in his lively excitement about Donne, wanders into some phrases that struck me as indiscreet (e.g. "the rhythm of sense plays a costive counterpoint upon the fluid rhythm of sound")—but a man can hardly dig deeply into Donne without becoming a bit arrant. The important thing is that Mr. Fausset does convey the sense that in Donne's pages "a great prince in prison lies." I always think of Donne, in his ecclesiastic robes, as Bagheera the black panther—beautiful in eloquence and latent ferocity; and carrying, under his dark fur, the bare callous of the old chain—the king's palace at Oodeypore. A "baffled centaur" is Mr. Fausset's happy description of him at one angle of his life.

Mr. Fausset thrillingly enumerates Donne's P's and Q's—mostly P's, as his account is quartered into The Pagan, The Penitent, The Pensioner, The Preacher. Of the Pagan label (I must look up that word: didn't it mean, originally, only a suburbanite—a commuter?) I think Donne would have relished William James's reply: "Don't call me a pagan: it sounds too sectarian." For there was all heaven and hell in him, and a heat that dissolves the gum on any paper *affiche*. Mr. Fausset gloriously quotes, as description of Donne's own way with a quill, his wildly humorous account of the literary style of the Holy Ghost:—

> The Holy Ghost is an eloquent Author, a vehement, and an abundant Author, but yet not luxuriant; he is far from a penurious, but as far from a superfluous style too.

Donne was a fountain filled with blood. The only man who ever lived, perhaps, who could have written us an Old Testament measurably substitutional for the Jacobite, had that been lost. Give us a modern Donne and we will listen to these twentieth century versions of the Bible. No lesser maniac will serve.

* * *

There was something Spanish in him. Mr. Fausset rather quaintly ascribes his sensuality to his Welsh blood; but his interest in Spain, from his childhood on, seems significant. Certainly there is something suggestive in the old legend—I don't know how old it may be; I invented it this minute—that Spain is the country where God lives. He lives there because He daren't turn His back on it; it is the weakest link in his chain of beads; there, if anywhere, He and the Demiurge will eventually "have it out." The most eloquent of our modern Satanophils have had a pinch of Iberia in them. At any rate Donne, like any sagacious Freudian, showed his passionate interest in Spain by going to war on her, in naval expeditions. That he was heartily sea-sick we know from his use of nauseous metaphor in later verse. But there was a Spain in his heart, and a Grand Inquisitor.

He is as modern, I think, as Sherwood Anderson; in fact Mr. Anderson's washing-machine manufacturer—whom Mr. Anderson's fine imagination has long since transcended; for obvious reasons I do not say outstripped—would have found much in common with Donne's frenzies. But even in his agonized third decade, Donne retained the redeeming buoyancy familiar to washing-machines. He was the Ninety and Nine of the hymn, and also the Forty Four One Hundredths. He floated. It is about all we can say.

Perhaps one reason why Donne is so inscrutably familiar, so couth and canny to our present generation of vipers, is that he did succeed in bruising the serpent with his heel. He learned, or almost we might say invented, the stunning truth that Man, the experimental artist, makes his greatest success when he plays over the head of his audience. Man's audience, of course, is Nature; and Nature, like any other audience, likes to feel that she is being given a Message; something that she (as they say at the ladies' clubs) "can take away with her." If you sing Mammymadrigals to her, she fills the house with automatic applause; but when you give her (as Donne did, from the pulpit of St. Paul's) the thrill of insane poetry, she listens in that uneasy awe and silence that is her best tribute to man.

* * *

I don't quite understand what Mr. Fausset means when he says that Donne "was neither a graceful nor a witty correspondent." To my taste his letters are the indivisible election of wit and grace. Mr. Charles E. Merrill edited some years ago the "Letters to Severall Persons of Honour." In there, together with much more stately matter, you will find a little series of letters "To the worthiest Lady Mrs. Bridget White." They make me perfectly understand the Dean's skill with ladies. Apparently Mistress Bridget, who was only in her teens was not very punctual in reply. After several unanswered sorties Donne writes:—

> MADAME,
>
> I have but small comfort in this letter; the messenger comes too easily to me, and I am too sure that the letter shall be delivered. All adventures towards you should be of more difficulty and hazard. But perchance I need not lament this; it may be so many of my letters are lost already that it is time that one should come, like *Jobs* servant, to bring word that the rest were lost. If you have had more before, this comes to aske how they were received; and if you have had none, it comes to try how they should have been received. It comes to you like a bashfull servant, who, though he have an extreme desire to put himself in your presence, yet hath not much to say when he is come. . . . Your going away hath made *London* a dead carkasse. A Tearm and a Court do a little spice and embalme it, and keep it from putrefaction, but the soul went away in you: and I think the onley reason why the plague is somewhat slackned is because the place is dead already, and no body left worth the killing.
>
> Your humblest and affectionatest servant
>
> J. D.

Surely no woman could resist this. Nor could any God resist Donne's sermons.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Baudelaire Society, according to a report from France recently printed in American newspapers, has presented a formal demand to the Ministry of Justice for a revision of the judgment, delivered in 1857, condemning Charles Baudelaire, the poet, for indecency and offending against public morals in the publication of a book entitled "Fleurs du Mal." The book was ordered suppressed at the time.

The society has brought forward certain new facts connected with the case which, it argues, justify a revision of the original judgment. A copy of the first edition of "Fleurs du Mal" was recently offered for sale at a public auction and was impounded by the authorities on the ground that it should have been destroyed sixty-eight years ago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARCOURT BRACE
& COMPANY
NEW YORK

Leora is the heroine of—

Sinclair Lewis'

ARROW-SMITH

—and the American public has fallen in love with her instantly.

"Leora is one of the sweetest characters in all fiction—incomparable."—*N. Y. Times.*

2d printing $2.00

Clarkson Crane's

THE WESTERN SHORE

A first novel of student activities in a co-educational university in a setting of fraternity, restaurant and dormitory life.

2d printing $2.00

Katherine Mayo's

THE ISLES OF FEAR:

The Truth About the Philippines

"A story as sparkling in quality as a travel narrative, keenly discerning in its portrayal of the unhappy conditions under which the eleven million people of the Philippines live. Pitiless in telling the truth."—*Washington Post.*

Illustrated $3.50

Harold Bruce's

WILLIAM BLAKE

In This World

There never was an artist's life stranger, more mysterious or more picturesque than William Blake's. Mr. Bruce's biography includes a brilliant critical commentary. $3.00

12th Printing

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

By E. M. Forster $2.50

Books of Special Interest

Elizabethans

THE WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. $4.

OUTLINE GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE. By PAUL KAUFMAN. New York: The Century Co. 1924.

THE ARTISAN IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE. By CHARLES W. CAMP. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924. $2.50.

A MOST FRIENDLY FAREWELL TO SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BY HENRY ROBARTS. By E. M. BLACKIE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University

MISS MACKENZIE'S sensible and adequate book should find a place in the Shakespeare libraries. But we fear that, in spite of its crisp style and often witty sanity, it is not likely to have many steady readers. Miss MacKenzie is a Scotswoman writing with somewhat theological prolixity upon two subjects that have a nearly religious attractiveness to the modern casuist: Shakespeare and women. Through almost five hundred pages she narrates the actions and appraises the characters of the enormous list of Shakespearean females. They are ranged in rather jerky and incongruous sequence according to the supposed dates of the works in which they appear—romantic comediennes, historical ladies, and tragic heroines shuffled together in obedience to *anno Domini* precedence. Venus, Lucrece, Tamora, Joan of Arc, and Margaret of Anjou lead the strange procession; Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, and Miranda bring up the rear.

It is hard to see how any consistent thesis about the poet's treatment of womankind could emerge from so mechanical an ordering of the data, and Miss MacKenzie has increased the inconsecutiveness and much aggravated the length of her book by failing to resist the temptation to retell the story of each play as she reaches it in her progress.

It is in its detail rather than its pattern that Miss MacKenzie's book is interesting. Her discussions of the great tragedies as studies of the influence of "the disastrous woman" (who may in herself be a very noble person, like Desdemona) are at least well thought out and provocative. She has many happy bits of ironic characterization, such as her remark about Queen Gertrude: "She would have made a very lovable cat or dog; but unfortunately she is human." Miss MacKenzie's chief conclusions are that Shakespeare understood women with an accuracy seldom granted to the male, and that he recognized in them qualities much more modern and realistic than are dreamed of in the Victorian philosophy of Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

Professor Kaufman's "Outline Guide to Shakespeare," dedicated to the members of the Shakespeare Association of America, contains a very large variety of information. Some of the things it deals with are: the facts of Shakespeare's life, documentary evidence about him, synopses of the plays, lists of characters, difficult words, and familiar quotations, a digest of Shakespeare's grammar, and a "working bibliography." It will undoubtedly be of use to many readers. A book of this kind, which attempts to give with the most dogmatic economy of space the essential facts about a host of disputed questions, is one of the very hardest to compile successfully. There must necessarily be much difference of opinion concerning the relative utility of the matter included and still more about the line the author chooses to draw between fact and fiction. A new edition is already in preparation, which will contain both some new matter and some corrections of detail.

Dr. Camp's "Artisan in Elizabethan Literature" is an amiable effort to produce a Ph.D. dissertation upon a subject that is hardly dissertationable. He deals with too many kinds of artisans, touched upon in too many different tones in ballad, play, satire, or chapbook narrative for anything in the way of solid conclusion to emerge, even if the author had been able to gain a real control of his vague subject. Perhaps the only value of the essay is that the compiling of it has made Mr. Camp acquainted with a large amount of Elizabethan literature. There is little evidence that he has read consistently or with discrimination.

The "Farewell to Sir Francis Drake," written by Henry Robarts in 1585, has been extant hitherto in only two copies. The Lincoln Cathedral copy is beautifully reproduced by Mr. Bruce Rogers for the Harvard University Press in italic and black letter types similar to those of the original. Canon Blackie of Lincoln adds an Introduction. The literary value of the *riming* heptameter verses and prose epistles of Robarts is small enough, but they have historical significance and are excellent samples of Elizabethan ephemeral writing.

Business Expression

COMMERCE AND CORRESPONDENCE. By EDWARD H. GROUT. Pitman. 1924.

IT is refreshing to find an author approaching the subject of business expression from the angle of style. This is exactly the approach that Mr. Grout makes The extremely well-written preface to the book, together with part one, might well be entitled the philosophy of style as applied to commercial English. Part two—General Commercial Correspondence and Routine—abounds in information pertaining to office practice, trade procedure, secretarial work, and the like subjects. In part three the author treats of correspondence chiefly in connection with insurance of various kinds. "Insurance," he says in his preface, "impenetrates the whole commercial system, and no student can understand commerce who fails to give this factor very serious attention." Part four contains specimen letters from literature—Chesterfield, Johnson, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Dr. Thomas Arnold, John Stuart Mill and others—included for appreciation as a welcome change from the analysis and criticism that have preceded.

The author's theory, and his exposition of it, are at all times sound; his division and subdivision of content are logical, and his illustrative materials nicely adapted. He himself writes in lucid and animated style, and he everywhere evinces expert knowledge of and experience in the subjects he discusses. There are two regrets that must be registered, however, by any one who examines the book intensively. One grows out of the insufficiency of treatment brought to bear in connection with such words as *lie* and *lay, shall* and *will, like* and *as*. This list should have been—could so easily and so justifiably have been—extended. The other comes—at least as far as the American point of view is concerned—from the author's sanctioning in exposition and illustration, down-at-heel business letter form and hackneyed business letter expression. The book is probably not best calculated to meet the demands of American secondary schols, yet it has much in it that should recommend it to business schools and colleges *per se*. But the author's thesis is achieved, and excellently. He has succeeded in doing what he set out to do, namely, "to teach appreciation, to teach execution, to transmute perception to the higher processes of conception, with all the qualities of courage, judgment, and disciplined imagination which that implies."

A Distinguished and, we believe, Great Novel

He Was A Man

By

ROSE WILDER LANE

IT is too early to announce any book as the outstanding novel of 1925, but it is our sincere belief that no finer, more striking piece of American fiction than "He Was a Man," has been published for many years.

IT is heroic material—the vigorous, brutal, romantic life of America—from which Mrs. Lane has wrought this novel.

Her story of the tragic yet magnificent career of Gordon Blake surges with the abounding life which drove Blake himself about the world, inevitably to emerge from obscurity to great fame, through years of such color, and romance, and bitter conflict as few men ever know.

Gordon Blake will be remembered not as a character in fiction but as a man, and Rose Wilder Lane as the author of a distinguished and, we believe, great American novel.

Wherever Books are Sold $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers Since 1817 New York, N. Y.

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the better Schools and Colleges

The new books for the Spring are already beginning to appear. Buy them as they are published and spread the pleasure of reading them over a longer period of time.

THE SUNWISE TURN, INC.
51 East 44th Street
Telephone Murray Hill 2590

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JONAH

by

ROBERT NATHAN

Out of that meagre and provoking legend of the Book of the Prophet, Mr. Nathan has created a little masterpiece of fantasy and irony, of wonder and beauty.

Ben Ray Redman, in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A delicately beautiful book, a book that makes more sure than ever Robert Nathan's enviable, unobtrusive position among the prose writers of his day."

Ernest Boyd in the N. Y. Sun

"Another work which has as unmistakably the quality of fine literature as 'Autumn,' with the added element of delicious satire."

Laurence Stallings in the N. Y. World

"Nathan has managed to preserve the simplicity of the Old Testament and leaven the mass by as sly a twist of good-natured satire as ever I read."

Charles C. Baldwin in the N. Y. Evening Post

"I cannot at the moment call to mind a more ingenious mixture of irony and beauty."

$2.00 *Net at Bookstores*

Also by Robert Nathan

THE PUPPET MASTER $1.75 net

AUTUMN $1.75 net

YOUTH GROWS OLD $1.50 net

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

Publishers New York

MEN AND POLICIES

By Elihu Root

"When the troubled history of these times comes to be written from a sufficiently detached vantage point, the part which Elihu Root has played in bringing nations to make a start toward settling their disputes by the processes of a court of justice must receive no small share of attention. It is this ripe fruitage of his years which gives especial importance to his present volume."—*New York Times.* "It represents the thought and moral content of one of America's really great patriots."—*Hartford Times.* Third Impression. $5.00

Harvard University Press

2 Randall Hall

Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Irving Press

offers its facilities to PUBLISHERS *for the designing and printing of beautiful books*

The Irving Press

GILBERT T. WASHBURN

President

601 WEST 36TH ST.

Chickering 6922

Frank Moore Colby

By F. De Witt Wells

NOTHING could have been more amusing to Frank Colby than any tribute of praise after his death. He who was so tender to any touch of publicity or to a taint of self advertisement would have laughed at anyone who suggested it.

Shy, learned, logical minded with an authentic sense of humor, Frank Moore Colby was one of the great intellects of his generation. I can almost see his whimsical smile and ready out-bursting laugh as I attempt my description of his qualities. Refinement, distinction, subtlety of appreciation, and sensitiveness of mood, were the notable characteristics of his personality.

I hated him at first, when I sat under him at his lectures while he was teaching at Columbia. It was some such humorous subject as sociology, political science, or ancient history I have forgotten which. He told me afterwards that he remembered my quizzical, supercilious expression while he was talking. I have often regretted the time and the intervening years when I did not know him. But what possibility is there of overcoming the inimical current of feeling that runs from the callow college student toward the instructive professor? The grind for the youth and the yet more pathetic grind for the teacher of youth, both prevent the possibility of human contacts, and in the mill of institutional education this is probably inevitable.

Colby was a professor at Amherst, a lecturer on political science, history and economics at Columbia, Barnard and New York Universities, and a continuing editor of encyclopedias. He organized and edited the revised edition of the New International Encyclopaedia, and each year since 1907 edited and himself wrote a large part of the International Year Book. The latter was his constant yearly occupation and vocation. His gathering together, analyzing, arranging, and organizing of essential current world events into a coördinated authoritative volume must have been for a mind like his a continuing grind. I remember he once said that while he was doing his extensive and exhaustive reading for the preparation of the year book his mind felt like a huge coal shute. Tons and tons of facts kept hovering through and he was overwhelmed by the roaring, rushing mass of material. In the end when he had finished it was empty and nothing remained but the clinging dust.

* * *

The value of his encyclopaedic work and the importance of his scholastic and editorial attainment are of such recognized standing that I cannot even pretend to speak of them. Sometimes when we were laughing together, for Colby was a man to laugh with, I felt as if our talk, or rather mine, was like the flickering of a butterfly against the background of his almost overwhelming knowledge. Yet, notwithstanding his great comprehension and the virile intensity of his outlook, it was the quality of his imagination and the delicacy and sparkling response of his wit that made him one of the rarest of persons. He could take almost any subject or trival incident, throw it into the air as a conversational bubble, and keep it there dancing and irridescent with the delicate thrusts and taps of his agile wit. It was as if the soapy vulgarity of ordinary life had been blown into a crystal of imagination. He would toss it with the light touch of a word until it went to the ceiling and then when it was almost falling to the level of commonplace converse, he would breathe on it until it rose colored and fanciful. If it burst there would be the explosion of his laughter and the chuckle of his sympathetic voice. He could keep it floating for a long and delightful period or he would throw out another bubble and another and keep the three in the air with a masterful dexterity.

With threads of gossamer fineness he could weave a network of ideas and suggestions about any subject which came on the conversational horizon. He would draw it into prominence, enlarge on it, blow it into importance, and glorify the usual until it became almost overhovering. Trite and commonplace seems any attempt to put on paper the fanciful quality of Colby's talks; who else could explain the possibilities of the use of toothpicks or the sentimental almost religious value of old and accustomed pipes? I remember his deliberate and anxious explanation of how he folded his clothes at night—the impossibility of sleep unless they were put in a particular way on a chair by his side,—the socks regularly hung, the garments neatly arranged, his shoes properly placed—all this was essential before he could rest with an easy conscience. Then would follow denunciation, intentionally solemn, of inherited New England inhibitions.

The uselessness of the back collar button was the subject of prolonged discussion. Why should the wearing or not wearing of a back collar button be considered of little importance? It showed the essential character of the wearer. If one were bound by convention one could not do without it. Back collar buttons are unnecessary. Ties would not rise up and collars would stay down even if there were no back collar button. Years of experience justify the abandonment. People might be divided into two classes: those who were emancipated and those who were not. Perhaps there was a certain moral support in a stiffening of uprightness. It was one of the minor luxuries of breaking away from too much restraint. As there was no visible sign of whether one was a wearer or not, there was the possibility of an important secret society. It might be called the Back Collar Button Emancipation League. One never knew until one tried.

* *

Eventually Colby will come to be recognized as the leading American essayist. That he was so acknowledged by certain discerning editors and readers is undoubtedly true, but that the acclaim which will also undoubtedly come after his death should arrive so late will be one of the mockeries at which Colby would have been of the first to laugh. He was always a person apart with a keen Gallic mind. His three volumes of essays "Imaginary Obligations" "Constrained Attitudes" and "The Margins of Hesitation" show the nearest approach to Anatole France that there is in American literature. It is obvious that with a mind like Colby's he should be increasingly drawn toward the logical and unsentimental quality of French thought. His interest in France, in her politics, in French literature, and the speech itself, coming as it did rather late in life, was so intense as to be almost pathetic. Colby would frequent table d'hôtes, go to French boarding houses, or anywhere so that he could talk French. The surest way to get him out of his shell was to ask him to meet a Frenchman. Then he would expand and glow and pour out a flood of French which however unskilful was valuable. He soon became proficient. He read nothing but French newspapers and for months at a time saw only French people. I remember one incident. It was a hot day. He met a Frenchman whom he had asked to lunch on the sidewalk. The Frenchman was mopping his brow, saying "Jài etouffé," "Quést ce que vous avez fait?" asked Colby. "Rien," said the Frenchman. "Rien! mais vous avez dit que vous avez fait quelque chose" "Non, j'ai dit que j'etouffé." The whole lunch was spoiled. He was a professor at one of the provincial universities, Orleans or Nancy, and Colby, although he wanted particularly to find out certain methods of French education, kept returning again and again to the subject of what the Frenchman had done, and not until he had gone did he realize the explanation. It was wholly a strong desire to go to France in the near future. But now that I can no longer hear the communicating laughter of his voice I like to think of him as at least having travelled that far.

The Harvard Press announces that it has become the American agent for the publications of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Among the recent publications of interest to collectors is "Selected Bindings from the Grennadius Library," with introduction and description by Lucy Allen Paton. The edition is limited to 300 numbered copies, set up and printed at the Chiswick Press, London. One of the most notable features of the famous Grennadius Library is the bindings, which are of surpassing interest not only because they are beautiful examples of the binder's art but also because of the celebrated collections which they have come from. Thirty-eight of them have been reproduced in this book, with all the exactness possible through the high standards attained by color printers at the present time. Dr. Paton's descriptions, together with the lengthy introduction, gives a gratifying glimpse of this unique collection of books.

SCRIBNERS

To be published next Friday, March 27

Selections from the Correspondence of

Theodore Roosevelt

and

Henry Cabot Lodge

1884–1918

It would be difficult to find any exchange of letters between two notable men approaching this correspondence—unbroken through thirty-four years—in contemporary interest and historical importance. These letters are the frank, free expressions of men writing in intimate confidence; it is natural that they should disclose some of the most interesting and significant political history that has yet appeared.

Two volumes, boxed, $10.00

Recently Published

By Edward W. Bok

TWICE THIRTY $4.50

By William Lyon Phelps

HUMAN NATURE AND THE GOSPEL $2.00

By Ernest Boyd

STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES $3.00

By Mrs. Francis King

CHRONICLES OF THE GARDEN $3.00

By Thomas Boyd

POINTS OF HONOR $2.00

By J. P. Marquand

THE BLACK CARGO $2.00

By Judge Robert Grant

THE BISHOP'S GRANDDAUGHTER $2.00

By Frank H. Spearman

SELWOOD *of* SLEEPY CAT $2.00

By John Galsworthy

OLD ENGLISH $1.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Spanish Books

By Henry Leach

THINKING readers, let them be Spaniards or foreigners with an interest in current Spanish literature, have lately been turned towards a new consideration of values, based upon truth, sincerity, and facts—with some reference to sales also—and less than formerly to vague assumptions. Vincente Blasco Ibañez has declared a very vigorous personal war against King Alfonso and the existing Spanish government. Spaniards were lately watching anxiously by the bedside of their beloved and stricken Armando Palacio Valdés, a most favorite novelist, and rejoiced upon his recovery. The centenary of that great Spanish writer, Juan Valera, has been celebrated by lectures in Madrid and in other ways. A new novel, "Las figuras de cera," has been published by Pío Baroja, and it is distinguished as perhaps the only work by a first-class Spanish writer, in Spain, published since the Directory came into power, and by the fact also that it presents curious problems of literary technique. Also I hear on the best authority, among other divers items pertaining to a literature that might seem to have been in a state of suspension, that one of the most popular of the newer writers of fiction in Spain, having produced two or three of the supreme best-sellers in recent years, Pedro Mata, is now being translated for British and American consumption, and why exactly it has not happened before is strange.

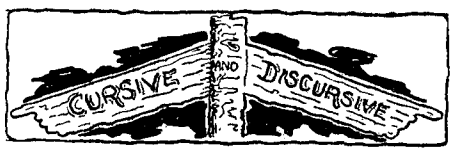
The charge has been made that Blasco Ibañez, who has travelled more and has certainly become more keenly susceptible to modern literary business methods than any other Spanish author, had the sales of his books in mind when he launched his now famous attack upon the king and government a few weeks ago, with the result of threatening persecutions by the Directory, confiscation of property in Valencia, demur by the French government when asked to assist and extradite, and so forth. This at least is unfair, for since his beginning and especially in the days when he controlled a newspaper in Valencia and made speeches from a balcony of his premises, his reforming ideas have been strong to the degree of wildness. An official statement has been issued to the effect that in no wise have the sales or offers of his books in Spain been interfered with, nor will they be. It is certain that his recent special notoriety will not help them in his native land; how far it will do so abroad—which certainly matters most—remains to be discovered.

In Spain the most popular novelist for the last few years has probably been Palacio Valdés; anyhow he is acclaimed—though so different are his works—as the successor in chieftainship to the late Pérez Galdós who passed away a couple of years back. He has always had a certain vogue in the United States; whether it is quite so big now as it used to be I know not, but he told me in conversation a little while back that 200,000 copies were sold of one of his books there, and that a New York daily was the first to give him a printing in foreign serial form.

In all countries—and he has been translated into many—his most popular work is "La Hermana San Sulpicio" and it has served him so well, that, as he tells me, he almost begins to like it, as he should, though for himself he feels that his true favourite must be "La Aldea Perdida," which is a tale of the industrial transformation of his native Asturias. The "Hermana," as we say for short, has an undeniable charm. It gives sunny pictures of Andalusia, though not the best that have been written, and fairly represents some aspects of the irresponsible ways of Spanish youth; but, as I have made bold to murmur to Don Armando (at the same time that I urged upon him my view that Spanish literature would never leap as it should until Spanish criticism became sounder and more sincere, and the tap of homage was turned off, to which he agreed entirely), I have been irritated on re-readings at the steady stupidity of the hero, Ceferino Sanjurjo, almost all the way through, and I have seen Andalusian women whom I like much better than Gloria. However, the book is of the Andalusian soil, even though its writer is Asturian, and it has two merits that establish it firmly in the Spanish heart, the first being that it speaks kindly, warmly, even enthusiastically of all Spanish places, especially Seville—which is always worth praising to the tops of the bluest skies—and, second, that it lays on the soft sentiment in thick slabs. Spaniards like that; the nearer they can be brought to elementary tears the better.

Yet I believe that the day for this excessive sentimentalism is passing, like many other things in Spain. Spanish fiction shows a tendency to swing from this light and soft romanticism straight to realism often a little cold and harsh. A new school of writers is arising who are telling the plain truth that the world, and Spain especially, is not wholly beautiful; they are exposing the sordid and the mean, and they are often writing brilliantly. At the head of this new school is Pedro Mata, who will soon be translated into all the languages. He can write, turn the prettiest phrases, express sound horse-sense in philosophical passages most entertainingly, but above all make real Spanish human nature, with all its tricks and sidelines, exert its sordid worldly way. He gives Spain away at times. His "Muñecos," written in dialogue form, is simply tremendous in its candor and daring; it pictures social life in Madrid, high and otherwise, without any mercy. His chief fault now is that in his ordinary novels he does not last long enough. They start strongly, but fade away. The biggest seller, displayed everywhere in Spain, "Un Grito en la Noche," is the best example. After a somewhat tedious historical interlude he brings along a surprise finish, which is artistically unjustifiable and wrong.

Here for ending are three short Spanish notes in the smallest space. The Real Academia Espanola, which imitates the Académie Française and its immortals—even to the green livery also—has just elected Gomez de Baquero to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the dramatic author, Juan Antonio Cavestany. The new academician is chiefly known as a literary and dramatic critic, writing under the pseudonym of "Andrenio." The most recent "reception" at the Academia, being the formal occupation of his chair by a newly-elect, and his address, was that of Martinez Ruiz, who under the pseudonym of "Azorin" has achieved international fame for the grace of his essays, and takes a place in Spanish letters which some have ventured to compare to that held by Anatole France across the Pyrenees. Third, a most reliable friend assures me that he has satisfied himself from facts and figures that the proportions of translations to new native work is higher in Spain now than ever before. However much it may be believed that the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword, the present swordlike government, the Military Directory, is absolutely annihilating to art and literature. Reaction will follow.



By The Phoenician

MR. J. LESLIE HOTSON has unearthed in the Public Records Office in London several remarkable documents hitherto overlooked, regarding the death of *Christopher Marlowe*. These include, it is said, the Coroner's inquest, giving a detailed account of the fight that caused Marlowe's death, and the pardon issued by Queen Elizabeth for the murderer. A book presenting these documents has been beautifully printed at the famous Nonesuch Press in London and will be published in this country by the Harvard University Press next month. Likewise a collection of songs and ballads that will delight both the antiquarian and the poet is "A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," edited by *Hyder E. Rollins*, which the same publishers will put forth in May. This miscellany holds a mirror up to the Age of Shakespeare. For our own part we dote upon such titles and upon such antique bouquets! We see that *John Masefield* has built a little theatre in the garden of his home at Boar's Hill. It seats about one hundred people and is dedicated to the interests of the poetic drama. Here has already been presented *Laurence Binyon's* "Young King." Masefield has for some time been interested in encouraging the speaking of verse. He organized the Oxford Recitations which brought speakers from all part of Great Britain to recite poetry in an annual competition. *John G. Neihardt's* new book of poetry, "The Song of the Indian Wars," soon to appear, is the third part of his American epic cycle, and it seems to us that he has exceptionally rich material to draw upon. The "Song of Hugh Glass" was a considerable feat. Neihardt is a remarkable American minnesinger. This month comes "Replenishing Jessica," *Maxwell Bodenheim's* latest novel. It is a love story, the tale of a modern Thais; and it is said that Bodenheim has, in this novel, cut himself loose from his metaphysical balloon and zig-zagged pleasingly to the earth—upon which he alights with a slight bump and a startled smile. *Evelyn Scott* is once more to come before us in "The Golden Door." Again, in a novel, Mrs. Scott is said to display pitilessly keen insight. And we hear that *Lee J. Smith's* "The Spring Flight" is remarkable American fiction, the hero being as thoroughly American as *Theodore Roosevelt* or *Babe Ruth*. Some recommend that the book be put on the shelf between "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Scarlet Letter"! We favor the novels of *Francis Brett Young*, and are anxious to read his "Sea Horses" to see whether, as some aver, he may now file a claim to be regarded as Conrad's successor. Mr. Young writes *firmly-knit* and richly-colored prose, and he seems to us to possess most of the qualities that make a major novelist. *Donn Byrne's* "O'Malley of Shanganagh" has come to our desk. It was published in *The Century* as "The Untitled Story." And a study of *Blake* that looks to us of much interest, though not to be put in a class with *S. Foster Damon's*, is *Harold Bruce's* "William Blake in This World." It seems that a privately printed pamphlet has arrived from Florence, written by *Norman Douglas* and entitled "*D. H. Lawrence* and *Maurice Magnus*: A Plea for Better Manners." Maurice Magnus was the mysterious "M. M.," author of "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion," which D. H. Lawrence introduced with such puzzling vehemence. Mr. Douglas claims that Mr. Lawrence has falsified life and he proceeds to lay on manfully. We, for our part, are glad that the dead man has a champion. McBride is publishing a series of monographs on modern American writers, under the general editorship of *Ernest Boyd*. The first volumes to be published are "*James Branch Cabell*," by *Carl Van Doren*; "*Edith Wharton*," by *Robert Morss Lovett*; "*Theodore Dreiser*," by *Burton Rascoe*, and "*Edwin Arlington Robinson*," by *Ben Ray Redman*. We thank you!

There has recently been discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris a novel the very existence of which was unknown. The work is entitled "Aldomen," and is by Etienne Pivert de Sénancourt, author of "Obermann," that romance so highly praised in France by Sainte-Beuve and in England by Matthew Arnold. A tale of Swiss life, it was evidently written under the influence of such works as "La Nouvelle Héloise' and "Paul et Virginie," and like "Obermann" is largely based on the facts of the author's life.

Drieu La Rochelle has just published under the title "Plainte contre Inconnu" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française) four studies of contemporary characters. His sketches are done with delicacy and subtlety.

Bengt Berg, the Swedish ornithologist, has recorded in a volume entitled "Abu Markub" (Stockholm: Narstedt) his adventures when together with the Scottish naturalist, Major Ross, he travelled through the region of the Upper Nile in search of that rare and unapproachable stork, the abu markub.

Fourth large printing ordered

Critics unanimous in its praise

"A genuine achievement in letters."
Katherine Lee Bates, *New York Sun*.

"A credit to American biography."
Harry Hansen, *Chicago Daily News*.

JOHN KEATS

By Amy Lowell

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT in *The New Republic*

"Miss Lowell sees Keats as the twentieth century sees him. She brings his poetry to the test of appreciation in the light of modern practice of verse, and his experience of exultant joy and bitter sorrow, of ambition and frustration, of passion and disease and death to the enlightened understanding of a modern mind."

JOHN CLAIR MINOT in *The Boston Herald*

"Eminently successful. She has made him very much alive, wholly human and wholly understandable. . . . There is not a dull paragraph."

FANNY BUTCHER in the *Chicago Tribune*

"A monumental piece of work. . . . The first two or three pages of it prove . . . that Amy Lowell could, if she would, write startlingly vivid fiction."

HARRIET MONROE in the *Christian Science Monitor*

"Written in an invitingly easy and familiar style, without any parade of learning or indulgence in sentimentality. It brings to bear upon his history the common sense of an experienced woman of the world, and upon his work the critical judgment of a modern mentality trained and practiced in the art to which Keats was born . . . A monumental tribute."

Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Remarkably fine piece of work, and one that no living person could have done so well as she. It is thorough, revelatory and sympathetic."

Richmond News-Leader

"Authoritative and tremendously interesting. Never has Miss Lowell written better than in this splendid study. She has made her own monument in rearing his."

Lavishly illustrated, including several hitherto unpublished portraits. Two volumes, boxed, $12.50.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcement

For the reader who frankly wishes to be amused, the House of Putnam this week is offering a refreshing list of decidedly interesting and unusual books. There is the amazing career of one of Broadway's greatest favorites, written by the genial New York critic, Alexander Woollcott, in his most delightful mood; a delicious book of nonsense verse, the best that has been written; a new novel by a popular writer, and an high-powered mystery tale constructed in an entirely new way.

The Story of Irving Berlin reads like a novel. It is the story of a little immigrant boy who created a new kind of music for his new land. As a vagrant nighthawk in the Bowery, he developed his genius, and created such melodies that without being able to read or write one note of music, he became the greatest song writer of America. His life is the story of an American pioneer, and is charmingly told by *Alexander Woollcott.* $2.50

* * *

Langford Reed has gathered together a rare collection of all the most delightful old limericks since their origin, and such well-known men as Dean Inge, Arnold Bennett, J. St. Loe Strachey, Owen Seaman, Bernard Shaw and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero have added new ones with interesting information about their origin and development. The book is cleverly illustrated by H. M. Bateman of Punch. **The Complete Limerick Book.** $2.00

* * *

In **Numerous Treasure** Robert Keable turns to the glamorous South Sea Islands, and chooses for his heroine a beautiful half-caste girl who is torn by the warring elements of her mixed blood. This new novel is written with the same tolerance and liberality which characterized the author's earlier books, "Simon Called Peter," and "Recompense." $2.00

* * *

Bobbed Hair is something entirely new in novels. Twenty famous people each wrote a chapter of this highly exciting tale of love and bootlegging on Long Island. Carolyn Wells, Alexander Woollcott, Louis Bromfield, Dorothy Parker, Kermit Roosevelt, Meade Minnigerode, Frank Craven, Robert Gordon Anderson, Rube Goldberg, Sophie Kerr, John V. A. Weaver, Elsie Janis, Ed. Streeter, Bernice Brown, H. C. Witwer, Wallace Irwin, George Barr McCutcheon, George Agnew Chamberlain, Gerald Mygatt and George Palmer Putnam all lent their various talents in building it. $2.00

For sale at all booksellers or at the PUTNAMS, 2 West 45th Street, just *west* of Fifth Avenue.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street New York

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

CHAUCER'S NUNS. By *Sister M. Madeleva.* Appleton. $1.50.

SELECTED MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS. By *Samuel Butler.* Oxford University Press.

STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES By *Ernest Boyd.* Scribners. $3.

THE LITERATURE OF LETTERS. Selected and edited by *John B. Opdycke.* New York: Lyons and Carnahan.

MIRRORS OF NEW YORK. By *Benjamin De Casseres.* New York: Joseph Lauren, 220 West 42nd Street.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ICELANDIC. Translated and edited by *W. C. Green.* Oxford University Press. $1.85.

Biography

NELL GWYN. By LEWIS MELVILLE. Doran. 1924. $7.50.

This is a rather sumptuously bound volume, and its illustrations in black and white and in color by Kitty Shannon, despite the flagrant amateurishness of their draughtsmanship, somehow convey the atmosphere of the period. Mr. Melville has prepared his volume from all the extant material available for a biography of Nell Gwyn, which, he remarks, "is far from abundant." He has consulted, nevertheless, a considerable number of well-known and less well-known works. He pays tribute to, among others, the Peter Cunningham who made in 1851 the first serious attempt to "collect what was actually known." He mentions in an appendix all the books, broadsheets, and ballads that bear upon this glamorous mistress of Charles the Second.

Mr. Melville's study begins with a rather dry examination of Mistress Nelly's origins. He discusses her childhood under Mother Ross, etc. He begins to quote largely from Samuel Pepys. He digresses in discussions of stage folk of the day and of certain notable Restoration rakes. An account of a *liaison* with Buckhurst is followed by a chapter on Charles the Second with particular attention to Lucy Walter and the Duke of Monmouth. Other of the King's loves are discussed, and Lady Castlemaine steps on the stage, followed by Catherine of Braganza and La Belle Stuart. Of the last named Mr. Melville remarks, after elaborately quoting Pepys as to the Castlemaine's nose being put out of joint—and how the writing of Pepys excels in flavor!—"never did a girl of sixteen have such success. The Duke of Buckingham laid siege to her, and Count Grammont, and George Digby and the rest of the gallants." But La Belle Stuart was recalcitrant, she married, and Castlemaine was soon eclipsed by Nell Gwyn. Her star is shone in the ascendant, not to be eclipsed later by Louise de Keinoualle or the Duchess Mazarin. Of all the King's harem Nell Gwyn was the least grasping, the "best sport, the woman most blessed with native wit." Mr. Melville's volume is a painstaking account of her time, thoroughly documented. It discusses all Charles's amours and gives a clear idea of the profligacy of the court. It does not succeed in being a vividly memorable portrait of the Orange girl who dominated England for a time. Often one cannot see the wood for the trees. Much incident is recorded but dryly. And yet the many quotations and the interpolation of broadsheets and ballads of the time are of curious interest. We learn all about the lodgings of Nell and her income and expenditures. The cast of characters of Charles's court is presented fully. The style of the author seems to us nothing in particular, but the thoroughness of his investigation is praiseworthy.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL. By *Carl Van Doren.* McBride. $1 net.

VAUBAN, BUILDER OF FORTRESSES. By *Daniel Halévy.* Dial Press. $2.75.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By *Paul Leland Haworth.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

LADY ANNE BARNARD AT THE CAPE. By *Dorothea Fairbridge.* Oxford University Press. $10.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MIND. By *W. J. Dawson.* Century. $2.

ASSER'S LIFE OF KING ALFRED. Translated by *L. C. Jane.* Oxford University Press. $1.85.

A KING IN THE MAKING. By *Genevieve Parkhurst.* Putnam. $2.50.

LIVES AND TIMES. By *Meade Minnegerode.* Putnam. $3.50.

WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH. By *Charles Lewis Slattery.* Dutton. $2.50.

VONDEL. By *A. J. Barnouw.* Scribners. $2.

WOODROW WILSON. By *Edwin A. Alderman.* Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

LORD MINTO. By *John Buchan.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

Business

MANUAL OF FRENCH COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By GEORGE R. MACDONALD. Pitman. 1924.

This is an excellent text in commercial French correspondence by an author already well known in the British textbook field through his "Manual of Spanish Commercial Correspondence," "Portuguese Commercial Correspondence," "Foreign Language in Commercial Work," and so forth. The first half of the book consists of thirty-six lessons on such business subjects as announcements, orders, credits, shipments, markets, drafts, insurance. Each lesson contains a brief, adapted vocabulary, and conversational paradigm of business phrases and idioms, and illustrative business letters. The second half is given over to an exhaustive commercial French vocabulary, French geographical names, French commercial forms, the everlasting irregular French verb, and so forth. The 331 pages of the book are packed with the essential materials of French commercial expression, and the content is at all places compact, at the same time that it is fluid and comprehensive. It is altogether possible that American teachers using this book will find it somewhat lacking in the richly suggestive exercises to which they are acuestomed in the textbooks published in their own country. And business letter form in French practice is by no means so precisely adjusted as American business letter writing has come to be during the recent years of its renaissance. It is not, of course, the best American usage to place the comma after the salutation *Dear Sirs* or *Messieurs*, or to close a business letter with *Yours faithfully* or *Votre devoué*. Such stereotyped (and incorrectly punctuated) expression as

Awaiting your further favours, we are,
Yours faithfully,

also violates the best American business letter practice. But the author did not set out to write a reform or crusade book on the subject of commercial correspondence. Rather, he accepted the stubbornly conservative adherence to form and the hackneyed expression that have characterized European business correspondence for so many years, and concerned himself with the preparation of a thoroughgoing drill-book in French commercial correspondence as "she is writ." This he accomplished superlatively well.

BUSINESS. By *Louis D. Brandeis.* Small, Maynard. $3 net.

SHARING MANAGEMENT WITH THE WORKERS. By *Ben M. Selekman.* Russell Sage Foundation. $1.50.

CONSIGNMENTS, ACCOUNT SALES AND ACCOUNTS CURRENT. By *E. J. Hammond.* Pitman.

Drama

SIX PLAYS. By RACHEL LYMEN FIELD. Scribners. 1924. $1.25.

"Here are six one-act plays likely to be particularly serviceable to amateur actors of school age—eight to eighteen. . . . Present

(*Continued on next page*)

Do you want to be a SHORT-STORY WRITER?

If so, you need a Course in the Craftsmanship of Short-Story Writing under the expert and helpful direction of

JOHN GALLISHAW

His method of instruction is unique and successful

Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced Courses are given every spring and fall at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a six-week Summer Session is conducted at Plymouth, New Hampshire. There is also an

INTRODUCTORY COURSE BY MAIL

at an invitingly low cost. Upon request, the First Lesson will be sent free for one week's examination. Write for particulars regarding these Courses.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF CREATIVE WRITING

301 College House Cambridge, Mass.

Dutton's

OUTSTANDING BOOKS

A fascinating new book by FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI

THE SHADOW OF THE GLOOMY EAST

vividly reproduces the mysticism, the belief in witches, supernatural spells and magic, which has been ingrained in the nature of an overwhelming majority of Russians. It is an absorbingly interesting study of a national character which the American world has not begun to understand, yet must realize before any correct estimate of Russia's future is possible. $3.00

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

Two illustrated volumes $10.

The N. Y. Herald-Tribune: "Such a panorama of American social and economic life . . . is rare in autobiographical writing. The crowded incidents of seventy years . . . are in these two volumes marshalled with a wealth of detail, personal reminiscences, penetrating comment and explanation . . . an indispensable commentary."

MRS. MEYNELL AND HER LITERARY GENERATION

By ANNE KIMBALL TUELL

The New York Times refers to it as an "exceptionally penetrating and discerning book . . . a book of rare qualities." $2.50

CALLINICUS

A defense of chemical warfare

By J. B. S. HALDANE

Author of that stimulating little volume "Daedalus." He challenges the humanitarians who would outlaw gas in warfare and shows that it is less cruel than bayonets, shells or bullets. It is certainly arousing wide-spread discussion. $1.00

In this stimulating series besides Mr. Haldane's books are "Icarus" by Bertrand Russell; "The Mongol in Our Midst" by F. G. Crookshank; "Wireless Possibilities" by A. M. Low; "Tantalus" by F. C. S. Schiller; "Narcissus" by Gerald Heard; to be followed by "The Passing of the Phantoms."

ART AND MAN

Essays and Fragments by

C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMPSON

with 20 illustrations and an introduction by Vernon Lee. $4.00

The N. Y. Times' World of Art comments: "A book that clarifies ideas of art and deepens interest in humanity is rare enough on these two counts alone. Add to them the reader's deep delight in appropriate words sensitively and organically associated, and you have almost the rarest of such intellectual pleasures as may be given by a book. 'Art and Man' . . . provides extraordinary pleasure."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

By A. A. MILNE

Continues to delight all who discover it. An editorial in the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* remarks: "It takes genius to identify itself with a child's blithe inconsequence and so to interpret with felicity the evanescence which is of the very filmy, fairy-like texture of a child's impulses. Lewis Carroll had the gift. Stevenson had it. So had Eugene Field. . . . There are unmistakable signs of it in Mr. A. A. Milne, the English playwright, who recently turned aside from his vocation to write 'When We Were Very Young' for his son."

With drawings by E. H. Shepard. $2.00

Obtainable through any bookstore

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD BOOKS

Lady Anne Barnard at the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1802

By DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE. Illustrated by a series of sketches made by LADY ANNE BARNARD. With 63 illustrations. *Net* $10.00.

Lady Anne Barnard was one of the brilliant, witty, and wise women of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The book is profusely illustrated by spirited drawings from Lady Anne's pen.

A History of Modern English Romanticism

By DR. HARKO G. DE MARR. Vol. I. Elizabethan and Modern Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. With seven portraits. *Net* $3.50.

The first volume of six in which Dr. De Maar, a Dutch scholar, attempts to give a complete history based on the work of the poets themselves.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH New York 35 W. 32d St.,

Some Really Notable Books

M B

F. De Witt Wells'

The Last Cruise of the Shanghai

The stirring account of the perilous voyage of a little teakwood boat over the Viking trail. *Illustrated.* $2.50

Sylvia Lynd's

The Mulberry Bush

Exquisite impressions of nature's beauty and amusing sketches of every-day happenings. $2.50

Leon Trotzky's

LENIN

Here are Trotzky's uncolored impressions of his co-worker from the time they met as obscure revolutionists through the most amazing political coup in history. $2.50

Stanton A. Coblentz's

The DECLINE of MAN

A startling presentation of the dangers of modern civilization and man's need for drastic readjustment. $2.75

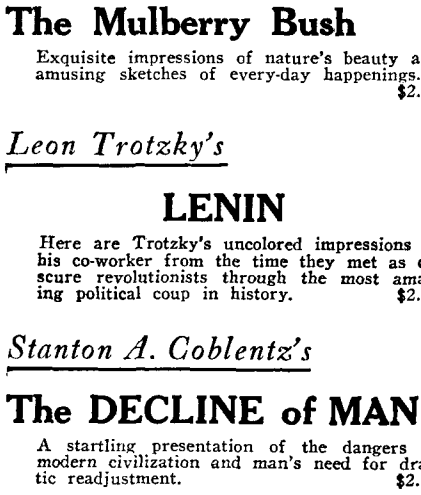
Elias Tobenkin's Novel

GOD OF MIGHT

John Carter says in *The New York Times*: "Until 'God of Might,' no author of either race has had the courage or the will to pose the question of the typical American Jew in business in its irreducible outlines." $2.00

At All Booksellers

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY
17 East 45th Street NEW YORK



THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS

In this space MR. HUEBSCH *names an important book every week. See it at any book store.*

Leonid Andreyev
A Critical Study
by
Alexander Kaun
$3.50

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Drama

these plays as whimsy and they may be made delightful. Let the hard white light of reality beat upon them and they dissolve." So writes Professor Baker in his foreword to this volume of plays by Miss Field, one of his pupils in 47 Workshop of Harvard. Little more need be said, except to emphasize the fanciful appeal, the subtle weaving together of humor and pathos, and the excellent acting qualities which characterize Miss Field's work at its best. The outstanding play in the volume is the deservedly popular "Three Pills in a Bottle" with its undercurrent of wise philosophy and its folk-tale atmosphere. Next in originality is "Columbine in Business" with its suggestion of the eternal romance of spring-time, even a modern "flapper" and her office boy lover being but faint disguises for our old friends, Columbine and Harlequin. "Cinderella Married," though good in action value, somehow one wishes had not been written, for who likes to think of Cinderella grown too fat for her glass slippers and involved in a quite sophisticated triangle plot? "The Patchwork Quilt" has an appealing character in old Mrs. Willis. The other two plays "Wisdom Teeth" and "Theories and Thumbs," are little more than "fillers."

GARDEN VARIETIES. SIX ONE-ACT PLAYS FOR LITTLE THEATRES. By KENYON NICHOLSON. Appleton. 1924. $2.

This is an excellent small collection of one-act plays, all interesting, and well varied in topic. The scenes include a small-town home, an apartment kitchen, a honeymoon ménage, a cheap theatrical dressing-room, a cabaret, and a war *buvette*, with a little Parisian burlesque thrown in for good measure. The one-act play is very often an amateur medium, either as to writing or acting or both, and it is in the dialogue that any such atmosphere is most apt to betray itself. But these plays, except in a few spots, are unusually well sustained, and if acted with spirit they should produce an excellent effect. Since they have all been done at least once (the *locale* and personnel being published herewith), we may assume that they "acted" well enough to warrant publication, which should help them to find a waiting market in printed form.

THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By *Sarah Bernhardt*. Dial Press. $3.

THE BLUE AND GREEN MAT OF ABDUL HASSAN. Appleton.

A CHILD OF THE FRONTIER. By *Elma E. Levinger*. Appleton.

BOTTLED IN BOND. By *Glenn Hughes*. Appleton.

IT'S TIME SOMETHING HAPPENED. By *Arthur Doyle*. Appleton.

THE TERRIBLE WOMAN. By *Wilbur Daniel Steele*. Appleton. $1.75.

Economics

INDUSTRIAL OWNERSHIP. By *Robert S. Brookings*. Macmillan. $1.25.

THE WOMEN'S GARMENT WORKERS. By *Louis Levine*. Huebsch. $5.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE, 1800-1850. By *Norman Sydney Buck*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

Education

LITERATURE AND LIVING. By *Rollo L. Lyman* and *Howard C. Hill*. Vols. II and III. Scribners. $1.56 each.

REAL STORIES OF THE GEOGRAPHY MAKERS. By *John T. Faris*. Ginn.

THE MENTAL GROWTH OF THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD. By *Arnold Gsell*. Macmillan.

THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. By *Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed*. University of Chicago Press.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE. By *George H. Reibold*. Franklin, O.: James Knapp Reeve.

FROM COLLEGE GATES. By *Caroline Hazard*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Fiction

THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF 1923-1924. Edited by RICHARD EATON. Small, Maynard. 1924. $2.50.

Among the twelve chapters of Lalou's "Contemporary French Literature" there is none devoted to the short story. The omission is significant, for there has not been a time within the last hundred years when the French short story, at home, was in so little repute. Professional authors find it immensely less profitable than the novel; unprofessional writers (and these, in France, include the most talented) choose other forms as being more interesting; while if the public retains some affection for the *conte*, it is only in memory of Daudet and Maupassant. In their day Mr. Eaton's yearbook would have had more reason for existence.

This does not mean that no short stories of merit were written in 1923 or 1924. Indeed, there were several, but most of them were written in that literary shorthand which is the trade-mark of modern writers. Most of them were experiments toward the discovery of a new style, or method; and Mr. Eaton was right not to include them in a book intended for wide popular circulation. Instead he devotes his volume to Boulenger, Bourget, Colette, Farrère, Géraldy, Lichtenberger and the brothers Tharaud.

They are the French equivalents of the men who write for the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is true their subject matter is different, consisting chiefly of adultery and money instead of love and business. Their technique is purely French, and admits both the happy ending and the indefinite ending. Essentially, however, they are the same; they carry on rigid traditions which other men created. Originality will rather be found among the rebels.

And there are one or two of the rebels in this book. Morand was one, until the charm of his style caused it to be accepted almost universally. Drieu la Rochelle has not gained any such popularity, and yet Morand pronounced his story, "The Empty Bag," to be the best of the year. He is a stylist whose French is as full of surprise and felicity as was that of Maurice Barrès. Unfortunately the qualities of his style are almost completely lost in the translation.

In general Mr. Eaton translates badly. He makes all the stock mistakes: translating *le monde* as "the world," where it means "society;" rendering *smoking* as "a smoking jacket" instead of "a dinner jacket"; and speaking of "little fields of mais" in a passage where the French evidently referred to little fields of corn (or maize). His English also is not above reproach. If he continues his project of editing and translating a yearly volume of French short stories, he should make a more careful study of both languages.

THE KEYS OF THE CITY. By ELMER DAVIS. McBride. 1925. $2 net.

From many fictioneers "The Keys of the City" could be justly applauded. It is a highly agreeable and rapid story, ingenious in plot, humorous in narration, pleasantly modern in its Indiana small-town setting. But in the case of Mr. Elmer Davis we cannot let him off so easily. We find here too little of that crisp and mordant humor for which he is widely esteemed. This novel, barring two or three skirmishes of wit where the author let himself go (e. g., the "Research Laboratory of Pure and Applied Theology," and the allusion to governors "who had stepped in after somebody else had done the work, and uttered a few brief ringing words that had carried them to the White House") bears the trademark of magazine serialization. Mr. Davis, if he cares to, can utter as brilliant satirics as any prose creator of the younger generation; he has the sense of structure and a kindly eye for genuine sentiment. We hope he will sell this book to the movies for a sum handsome enough to allow him to write for us the novel we confidently expect—something as violently amusing and shrewd as his occasional letters to the newspapers.

RED COAT AND MINUTE MAN. By BERNARD MARSHALL. Appleton. 1924. $2.50.

There is a wealth of raw material ready for the historical novelist in the Revolutionary War period, of which comparatively small use has been made by competent writers. Mr. Marshall has made a good workmanlike job of this, especially in the clean, clear simplicity of his narrative. It is entirely free from the inflation and manufactured excitement that so often reduces such tales of adventure to the level of the melodrama and the screen. It is a straightforward story, told in the first person, vividly enough, but without any heroics or posing. The plot is simple also: it follows the fortunes of a young soldier from the eve of Lexington to the end of the war, bringing him in contact with General Washington and Baron Steuben, who are the two chief historic figures, and

(*Continued on page 620*)

Speaking of Books

"The Sabbatical

of a professor who treated his Sabbath like a Saturday night" is Joseph Warren Beach's own description of his year abroad. *Meek Americans* is the record of this jaunt of a professor traveling incog. disguised as a man. These "familiar essays" are done with grace and precision united to shrewd irony and a humorous sympathy for tourist and European host alike. "On the Depravity of Europeans," "Tipping and the Law," "Flowers and Candied Fruit,"—these are titles to lure the reader of imagination who enjoys gentle humor and mild irony that amuse because they are understood. *Meek Americans.* By Joseph Warren Beach. $2.00, postpaid $2.10.

The Professor—

the unfortunate professor, assailed on the one side by the ultra-moderns, and by the conservatives on the other—occasionally breaks the academic silence and gives us the benefit of his personal reactions supported by the full historical knowledge which he is able to turn upon them. A modern discussion of the modern writers who are giving America an indigenous literature is *Some Contemporary Americans* by Percy Holmes Boynton. $2.00, postpaid, $2.10.

THE
University of Chicago Press
CHICAGO

THE SIGN OF EVIL

By Anthony Wynne

Dr. Eustace Hailey, the biggest doctor in the profession and a good one, is also a criminal investigator with few equals. This is the record of one of his most remarkable cases.

"Has the same quality of unnatural fascination, of dread foreboding which overshadows the tales of Poe, Gaboriau and Doyle."

A malignant token linked with an ancient evil gives a sinister touch to the murder of Sir William Armand. It is the only clue, and Hailey soon knows that he is matching wits with a man of malevolent cunning, while the life of another man hangs on the issue. But at the risk of his own life, he uncovers the mental links which reveal the criminal and the cause of his grewsome deed.

At all Bookstores, $2.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

Genealogy: Our stock of Genealogical Books is the largest in the world. Send 10 cents in stamps for our 168 page priced Catalogue listing nearly 5000 titles. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 9a Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

TO ALL WHOM THIS MAGAZINE CONCERNS : A LETTER

YOU readers of the Saturday Review of Literature are numerically insignificant. But you are already so many that you have settled one question in a most decided manner. You have determined that from this time forth America shall have a weekly magazine devoted solely and exclusively to literature.

Let us consider you briefly in the undignified terms of figures. You who pay for your copies of the Saturday Review number, at this point, 23,000. (The S. R. is but seven months old.) Twenty-three thousand is a greater number than has ever subscribed during its first year to any literary or semi-literary weekly, bi-weekly or monthly in the English speaking world. And this number is practically equivalent to the circulation of many a distinguished journal which has been going for a decade or two. There is nothing with which the Saturday Review can be directly compared, for the simple reason that a weekly devoted solely to literature has never been attempted before in the history of this country.

This undignified figure-business has not been written for the purpose of mutual congratulation. It is presented as a concrete and inescapable reason for believing that there are 23,000 more people of like passions with yourselves who, if we can find them, will gladly be of your company.

As publishers of the Saturday Review, we ask your help in extending its subscription list. We ask your personal help for two reasons:

First, as an expression of our common appreciation for the labor of Messrs. Canby, Benet, Morley and Miss Loveman and the distinguished group of contributors who have stood with them.

Second, as a means of making a bigger and better Saturday Review. With ordinary magazines it by no means follows that the bigger the circulation the better the magazine. But in the case of the Saturday Review you may be sure that both editors and publishers will use their resources to maintain the highest literary standards—to make it "not only worthy of literature but also literature itself."

Now, by way of a specific program, we suggest four ways in which you can immediately help.

1. Go to your bookseller. If he is not carrying the Saturday Review, ask him to get in touch with us at once. Tell him we will supply him with enough copies AT A MERELY NOMINAL COST to introduce it to all the real book people in his vicinity.

2. Send us the names of 10 people of your acquaintance who you think will use and enjoy the Saturday Review as much as you do.

3. Send a year's subscription to one friend as a gift. (During the next 30 days, we have authorized our Circulation Department to accept your gift subscription at $2.50—the price of the Saturday Review is now $3 and will shortly be raised.)

4. Write one of the Editors about the Saturday Review. Tell him what you like, what you don't like, what you want more of, which contributors you like, which you don't.

One of your fellow-readers of the Saturday Review has made a resolution to do at least 3 of these four things within the next fortnight. Will you join him in a similar resolve?

Sincerely yours,

TIME, INC.

Publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 618*)

putting him through the usual paces of such a progress, but doing it without being at all hackneyed or artificial. The characterizations of Washington and Steuben are also done in economized outline, but in clean drawing, making no claim to subtlety but creating a real portrait. The plot hangs, in part, upon a marked resemblance between the young hero and a British officer, which creates cases of mistaken identity and gives room for dramatic situations: familiar machinery, but skilfully handled. In so far as the author has tried for atmosphere and local color he is also successful beyond the average.

THE BRONZE COLLAR. By JOHN FREDERICK. Putnams. 1925.

The fact is that, much as one may elevate the nose at this cinematic tale of life in Southern California just after the Louisiana Purchase, it is pretty good fun. The swordsmanship of El Rogo, slave of a cruel Spaniard and distinguished New England adventurer, is, of course, superhuman, and so is the love of Ortiza and the swashbuckling of Don Pyndero. The sun dances upon the broad Pacific and deeds of valor and cruelty and stealth chase each other rapidly over these thrilling pages. "The Bronze Collar" is the pure and unadulterated essence of romance set in a region as yet unknown to the chamber of commerce or the Advent tabernacle. The time is early nineteenth century, when France and Spain were still wrestling for the remains of their American empires, but it might be fifteenth century or twenty-first—unless romance is to die out in a test-tube before the latter era. It ought to be said in conclusion that Mr. Frederick has written a rapidly moving and exciting story which will do very well to take you as far out as Stamford.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 and the YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.50.

In the introduction to his tenth annual issue of "The Best Short Stories" Mr. O'Brien begins by wondering why the American short story is sad and then offering the best short stories in confirmation of his philosophic disillusion. He imagines that the sadness is born in the prisoned emotions of American life. We are afraid, and therefore the short story is sad. We dare not live richly and fully, and therefore are we sad. Mr. O'Brien cannot be unaware of the hardly remarkable cheerfulness of the Russian, French, and British story. Sadness may very well come with high art, born from the blood of life and confounded with life itself. In much wisdom is much grief. In many short stories is much sadness.

The stories range all the way from confirmed romancers like Harry Hervey and Charles J. Finger to confirmed realists like Ruth Suckow. Rupert Hughes is notably sad. Zona Gale and Floyd Dell are very much themselves and cannot be identified with any formula. Indeed the very absence of formula inhabits the whole collection. By his diligence and patience and intelligence Mr. O'Brien has by the mere fact of the collection proved the absence of any fixed rule in good art. The tales vary as widely as the secular variation of species. The recognized rules of procedure taught in all the best night schools hardly come in with their portentious beginnings, middles, and ends. In addition Mr. O'Brien has provided the "Yearbook of the American Short Story" wherein the future historian will find everything that he needs to know about authors and their lives, magazines and their addresses, the best books of short stories, and magazine averages, wherein the *Century*, the *Transatlantic Review*, and the *Dial* knock out a home run every time they go to bat.

CHALLENGED. By HELEN MARTIN. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

This is somewhat of a scrambled novel. A good deal of it has stuck to the pan, so that, as it were, what is served is not a complete portion. But it will suffice.

We are told that Mazie Leinbach, who, alive and dead, is supposed to be the protagonist of the book, has "a unique conversational style." Here is a sample:

> "'Greetings to you, friends, Americans, countrymen—' as Shakespere used to say in the olden, golden time! How are you, one and all? Well and happy? A pound of coffee, Mr. Herr—the cup that does not inebriate, yet loosens the tongue——.'"

Yes, yes—unique.

After the death of Mazie's husband, there is a combat between Mazie and her sister-in-law, Gussie, who had always resented her brother marrying the woman of the unique conversational style. Gussie tries to get possession of Mazie's son, Raleigh. Mazie wins by a trick which practically everybody will recognize as an occurence true to the life. She beats up her son so that she can accuse Gussie of the deed, and Gussie must surrender the lad. At best this Raleigh does not seem to be much to fight over. After a portrait of her husband (perhaps meant symbolically) falls on Mazie's head and kills her, Raleigh, living long enough to become a man—begins to talk just like his defunct mamma. Heredity and Helen Martin will tell. When Aunt Gussie later tries to impose her will upon him, and to separate him from the woman he thinks he loves, and when she makes a slurring remark about the departed unique conversationalist, the son goes into a delirious outburst of filial piety.

"My mother was a great woman!" he declares. And he asserts that his mother has always been with him, has always guided him, has been a shining light unto his erring steps. A tender bit. And a dramatic surprise too. We thought that long ago he had stopped thinking about his mother.

Well, Raleigh marries the other girl. His bride is of the vintage which still speaks of marriage as "a jolly, a glorious adventure," And Raleigh uses, concerning her, the rarely original phrase, "You utterly adorable little devil!" Thus ends the book, with a pink glow over all the world.

PRINCESS AMELIA. By CAROLA OMAN. Duffield. 1925. $2.

Wistfully the Princess Amelia and her gallant Colonel stand gazing across the gulf of social inequality which yawns between them. All about them the court life of the time of George III. of England pursues its melancholy way, and the reader also yawns. In other words, this is a historical novel about the fifteenth daughter of George III. and her hopeless love for a man of inferior rank. The affair is none too thrilling at best and its progress is continually impeded by long descriptions of gowns, equipages, and personages of the time. The bright spot, or rather streak, in the book is Lady Georgiana Vavasour, who comes in from the country to be lady in waiting to the Princess. She is a very dashing young lady, and her sparkle and verve are almost enough to outweigh the dulness and sentimentality of the rest of the tale.

THE WESTERN SHORE. By *Clarkson Crane*. Harcourt, Brace. $2 net.

OLD HURRICANE. By *Julia A. Flisch*. Crowell. $2 net.

ANGELINE OF THE HILL COUNTRY. By *Cordia Greer-Petrie*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

MR. COLLIN IS RUINED. By *Frank Heller*. Crowell. $2 net.

THE CACTUS. By *Charles Chadwick*. $2 net.

THE UNHOLY EXPERIMENT. By *Constance Smedley*. Dial Press. $2.

SELWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT. By *Frank H. Spearman*. Scribners. $2.

DOMINION. By *John Presland*. Stokes. $2 net.

MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS. By *Mathilde Eiker*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE DOOM WINDOW. By *Maurice Drake*. Dutton. $2.

THE TIGER OF BARAGUNGA. By *J. Inman Emery*. Putnam. $2.

SCOUTING OF THE MOHAWK. By *Everett T. Tomlinson*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE FOREST OF FEAR. By *Alfred Gordon Bennett*. Macaulay. $2 net.

POINTS OF HONOR. By *Thomas Boyd*. Sribners. $2.

DEAD RIGHT. By *Jeannette Lee.. Scribners*. $2.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS. By *Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews*. Scribners. 75 cents.

MIDDLE YEARS. By *U. R. Emanuel*. Minton, Balch. $2.

NOVELTY AND ROMANCEMENT. By *Lewis Carroll*. Brimmer. $1.50.

THE WANTON. By *William Bennett McCormick*. Shreveport, La. Published by the author.

RED RIDING HOOD. By *Elizabeth Jordan*. Century. $2.

PERSIA. By *S. P. B. Mais*. Brentanos. $2.

CARNIVAL COLORS. By *Maude Radford Warren*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

O'MALLEY OF SHANGHAI. By *Donn Byrne*. Century. $1.25.

JUNGLE-BORN. By *John Eyton.*. Century. $2.

NUMEROUS TREASURE. By *Robert Keable*. Putnam. $2.

THE HOUSE IN THE GOLDEN ORCHARD. By *Dorothea Castelhun*. Page.

THE SHIP OF SOULS. By *Emerson Hough*. Appleton. $2.

FORTUNE'S YELLOW. By *Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer*. Scribners. $2.

THE BISHOP'S GRANDDAUGHTER. By *Robert Grant*. Scribners. $2.

IT IS A STRANGE HOUSE. By *Dana Burnet*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

RACHEL RAY. By *Anthony Trollope*. (World's Classics.) Oxford University Press.

TYPEE. By *Herman Melville*. Oxford University Press.

MACIVOR'S FOLLY. By *Hugh MacNair Kahler* and *Donald Grant Herring*. Appleton. $2.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY. By *Ellis Parker Butler*. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.

THE MOMENT OF BEAUTY. By *Samuel Merwin*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

History

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH HISTORY. By PHILIP ANTHONY BROWN. Dutton. 1924. $3.

Just fifteen years ago Dr. W. T. Laprade published his dissertation on "England and the French Revolution" in the Johns Hopkins series; and with the appearance of the present volume the study of that interesting subject may be said to have advanced another stage. It is no part of a reviewer's function to adjudicate the present work as if it had received its final form from its own author's hands. But it may be said at once that, reading it, one realizes what a loss to English historical writing its author's death has been. Seldom, if ever, within the reviewer's knowledge, has there appeared, from the pen of one so young, so careful, well-judged, well-balanced, and illuminating a study. In itself it is a considerable performance; its promise for the future was greater still.

Its scope is greater in at least one respect than that of its worthy predecessor; for it considers not only the period with which Mr. Laprade was concerned, the period from 1789 to 1797, but the "secondary effects" of the Revolution on English letters in particular. It shows the present tendency of modern English historical writing, not, perhaps, precisely toward a "psychological interpretation" of history, but toward, at least, the interpretation of history by literature. Widely-read, appreciative, sympathetic, the author has brought to the elucidation of his subject estimates of men as widely separated as Tom Paine and Wordsworth; and his judgments of the men of letters in their historical setting are among the most important of his contributions to history and letters alike. No student of the history of English literature can fail to find in these pages material of importance and great interest.

THE AMERICAN STATES DURING AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION. By *Allan Nevins*. Macmillan. $4.

THE EARTH BEFORE HISTORY. By *Edmond Perrier* (History of Civilization). Knopf. $5 net.

Miscellaneous

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. Edited by J. S. VAN TESLAAR. Boni & Liveright. 1924.

Dr. Van Teslaar has succeeded in making this a most readable and useful book,—at once popular and yet scientific. He is one of the associate editors of the "Journal of Abnormal Psychology" and well-known for his work along these lines.

Extracts are given from the writings of Freud, J. J. Putnam, Ernest Jones, Ferenczi, A. A. Brill, Oskar Pfister, Jelliffe, Stekel, Martin, Rivers, Beatrice Hinkle, Jung, Bjerre, Emanuel, and Van Teslaar himself. The whole field is covered in a comprehensive manner, and from a variety of standpoints. Anyone who wishes to obtain a clear, scientific, and well-rounded idea of the modern school of psychoanalysis cannot do better than read this little book.

GETTING THE NEWS. By WILLIAM S. MAULSBY. Harcourt, Brace. 1925.

The present addition to the rapidly increasing number of books on newspaper work contributes little to the profession, although its 300 pages plod along industriously with a purpose not entirely understandable. If it is meant as a text book, its material is poorly arranged; no illustrating examples of writing or headlining are given, and the exposition is far from clear. The general reader will find the style dull and the information not of great interest. Such merit as the volume has lies in its upholding of certain standards of good journalism. To urge budding reporters, however, not to ask dignified persons trivial questions is useless, and perhaps not sound advice. The assertion that "all copy readers were once first class reporters" is a naïve misstatement, by no means the only one.

REAL ESTATE MANUAL. By *Henry Hall Charles G. Edwards, Argyle R. Parsons*, and *A.C. MacNulty*. Doubleday Page.

CHILD HYGIENE. By *S. Josephine Baker*. Harpers. $5.

ORCHARD MANAGEMENT. By *J. H. Gourley*. Harpers. $2.

WORLD MISSIONARY ATLAS. Edited by *Harlan P. Beach* and *Charles H. Fahs*. Maps by *John Bartholomew*. New York: Institute of Social and Pilgrims Research.

HUNTING AND CONSERVATION. Yale University Press. $5.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER. By *George MacAdam*. Putnam.

Travel

TWO VAGABONDS IN THE BALKANS. By JAN and CORA GORDON. McBride. 1924. $5.

In this picturesque ramble through the byways of Jugoslavia we have as guides two artists for whom travel is itself an art, a delightful process of winnowing those fugitive elements of a native life rich in color and movement. And here, accordingly, we are made acquainted with the personality of present-day Serbia as seen through the intimate charm of her countryside and the varied character of her people, their manners and emotions, depicted in a series of impressions at once sprightly and reflective. If the authors err in overmuch detail, the incidenta of travelling arrangements and the like, they handle their matter well, serving the whole with a fine and delicate flavor. The appeal of the writing is enhanced by more than thirty of the author's sketches in color and black and white.

OUR CAPITOL ON THE POTOMAC. By HELEN NICOLAY. Century. 1924. $5.

A beautiful book. Beautiful illustrations. That is the reader's first reaction to this volume. The next is that the book is extremely interesting. Written by Helen Nicolay of Nicolay and Hay fame as concerns Lincoln, the story of Washington City begins with the wilderness days and carries on to Harding's time. The photographs which illustrate this stirring account of the many changes, both physical and psychological, that have happened to the capital were chosen with the aid of art experts.

Beginning with the ground on which Washington stands, the author follows its changes from the time of the coming of white men down through the Colonial era of plantations and tobacco planting, through Revolutionary activity, to the selection of the site by Washington himself. Then she outlines the ambitious and thoughtful plans for a beautiful city, giving due credit to L'Enfant, the landscape architect, and pictures the arrival of the Government to set up housekeeping in an unfinished White House, one small government office building, and an uncompleted, half-furnished wing of the capitol. Other chapters take up the story of rebuilding after the disastrous visit of the British in the War of 1812, the expansion of the city into a huge camp in the Civil War period, and its development in beauty since. Suddenly, in the World War, Washington became a world capital. That also she ably describes, as well as the post war city.

SIDELIGHTS OF LONDON. By J. A. R. CAIRNS. Holt. 1924. $3.50.

Day after day for thirty years the backwash of human warrens has swirled into the police court of Justice Cairns, transforming it into a confessional. Day after day, disease and misery, crime and failure have chanted their litanies in his ears. Day after day derelicts and outcasts have lowered the shutters of their hearts and he has seen ugliness and beauty, cowardice and courage, selfishness and sacrifice. And this invasion of the backwash, this thirty years' inhabiting of a confessional has made Mr. Cairns neither cynical nor pessimistic; it has strengthened his belief in human nature, exalted him into an evangel of its inherent and ineradicable nobility.

If to the author's admission that his book is chaotic and full of incoherences we add it is full of redundancies, that the paragraphs are imperfectly articulated, What does it matter? Mr. Cairns sought chiefly to show us the friendliness of lawbreakers, the fortitude of the condemmned; the loyalty of criminals to each other. When the price of non-betrayal is seven years penal servitude, he remarks, there is heroism in refraining from speech.

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $4.

Among the many desirable qualities which have secured for them a place unique in literature of this kind, the travel books of the late Frank Carpenter are remarkable for the accuracy, the breadth, and practical usefulness of the information they contain. One may rely on them for a dispassionate, vivid exactitude, free from all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

2960 B'way New York, N. Y.

THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

By Julius A. Bewer

Professor in Union Theological Seminary.

Pp. xiv+452. $3.00

This book differs from ordinary introductions to the Old Testament. Each part is seen in its original place, as it sprang out of the life and thought of the people, as it influenced the cultural development, and was influenced and modified in turn until at last the one great Bible resulted. The story is so vividly presented that the reader is enabled to recreate in his own mind the times of long ago when the pioneers of the Spirit blazed new paths for the moral and spiritual development of the race. It is written with such simplicity that laymen can understand it, and with such literary charm that scholars will enjoy it.

Send for a descriptive circular

At Bookstores

or direct from the publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

WE DELIVER ANYWHERE ANY BOOK REVIEWED

advertised or mentioned in this issue or any other book in print at Book Store prices. **We pay postage everywhere on all orders.** Prompt service assured. For your convenience, will send orders C.O.D. Our monthly magazine-catalogue, "BOOKS OF THE MONTH," sent **free of charge on request.**

We also search for **OUT-OF-PRINT books without any obligation or cost to you. Inquiries solicited.**

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

500 Fifth Ave. Dept. S New York

but the most liberal criticism and comment, in his descriptions of the lands and peoples he saw in his many years of world touring. The present volume, which includes Siam, Burmah, French Indo-China, and Hindustan, is to be particularly commended for the scope and thoroughness of the articles dealing with British India. At the end of the 200 pages devoted to the latter, we regretted that there were not still more to read, an unusual feeling with which to conclude a session with a travel book.

THE SHADOW OF THE GLOOMY EAST. By Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. Dutton. $3.

WHERE THE BRIGHT WATERS MEET. By *Harry Plunket Greene*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

LONDON INNS AND TAVERNS. By *Leopold Wagner*. Stokes. $3.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SHANGHAI. By *F. De Witt Wells*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

DAYS IN CORNWALL. By *C. Lewis Hind*. Brentanos.

ADVENTURES OF A SCHOLAR TRAMP. By *Glen H. Mullin*. Century. $2.

War

HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR: THE MERCHANT NAVY. Vol. II. By ARCHIBALD HURD. Longmans, Green. 1925. $7.50.

The first volume of "The Merchant Navy" carried the record of merchant marine activities in the war from the declaration of hostilities down to the early months of 1915 when the conscience of the world was shocked by the torpedoing of the Lusitania.

The present volume continues the narrative to the German declaration of "unrestricted submarine warfare" on February 1, 1917. It is a book of some four hundred and fifty pages, going into detail, and presenting a continuous record of those years at sea when vessels ran without lights, and maritime law seemed to have been completely suspended. Many stirring and heroic deeds are set down for permanent reference.

EXPERIMENTS IN STATE CONTROL. By *E. M. H. Lloyd*. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. (Yale University Press).

THE MILITARY USES OF ASTRONOMY. By *F. C. Molesworth*. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK END READING.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME. Vol. II. Edited by *Gertrude S. Stevenson* (Appleton).

A MUSICAL MOTLEY. By Ernest *Newman* (Knopf).

THE PIONEERS. By *Franz Molnar* (Bobbs-Merrill).

G. R., Newport, Indiana, is making a list of books for a reading club meeting every two weeks for the discussion of some one book and one author.

HERE is my choice for a varied list, non-fiction as well as fiction. "Mark Twain's Autobiography" (Harper), Amy Lowell's "John Keats" (Houghton Mifflin)—ah, what a book! when it came I said "good-bye, proud world," jumped into the first volume and pulled the covers up after me for the week-end; Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story" (Huebsch), André Maurois's "Ariel" (Appleton).

"God's Stepchildren," by Sarah G. Millin (Boni & Liveright), one of the latest of the novels that use, with significant frefrequency, the African scene; "To Lhasa in Disguise," by William Montgomery McGovern (Century), most thrilling of recent travel-adventure books; E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" (Harcourt, Brace) and Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "My Brother's Face" (Dutton), with Romain Roland's "Mahatma Gandhi" (Century) on the side; "The Philisopher's Stone," by J. Anker Larsen (Knopf), and take plenty of time on this great book, it is worth all you can give it; "The Old Ladies," by Hugh Walpole (Doran), and this adorable new story of youth, "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday Page); "Annette and Sylvie" (Holt), in which Romain Rolland begins a series that will be a sort of feminine counterpart of "Jean Christophe," and to my mind much better done than that was; Galsworthy's "White Monkey" (Scribner), if "The Forsyte Saga" has been read, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "The Little French Girl" (Houghton Mifflin). From the newest of the American novels it is hard to find two to go on a list with so high an average vitamin content as this. Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" (Harcourt, Brace) everyone will hear about soon, but William Dudley Pelley's "Drag" (Little, Brown), the work of a comparatively little-known novelist, should be talked about by those who read it. It is an excited, often exasperated story of a man with too many relatives-in-law; a robust sense of humor and an eye for the ridiculous keeps the book bouncing along through conditions whose tragedy only one who knows what such a situation can bring out would believe. At last he cuts loose and uses the released energy to write a play that becomes a high financial success. This brings back all the family, and the war being by this time in progress, he enlists as an aviator. The first family reaction is "Now we can have an aeroplane!" but he has taken himself, money, and machine out of the clutch of the clan. The moral seems to be that whatever you can carry is all right for you, but cut loose at any cost from what you have to drag. Mr. Pelley should take his hero's conduct to heart and dramatize this book, or at least make a play on the evidence collected for it.

O. E. W. Gambier, Ohio, asks what has been published on Greek music.

THE general reader must dig it out for himself from the histories of music and such encyclopedic works as "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Macmillan). "The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians," a one-volume work on the basis of Grove, was published recently by Macmillan, and will de quite well enough for the private libraries of most music lovers, leaving the high-priced larger work for the larger collections. There is a brief summary of the theories of Greek rhetoricians in W. J. Baltzell's popular "History of Music" (Presser) and in Paul Landormy's "History of Music" (Scribner), the most readable of such books for the intelligent concert-goer, and a remarkably comprehensive work for one so short, the opening chapter sets down about all we know of melodic structure and methods of performance, and gives, for the benefit of the professional, a list of references to foreign works.

L. B. W., Cocoanut Grove, Fla., asks for books about Jamaica besides "Lady Nugent's Diary," "Tom Gringle" and the regular tourist guide books.

THE latest book on Jamaica is Mary Gaunt's "Where the Twain Meet" (Scribner), the more important of the twain in this case being Africa, for this is a running history of slave life and the life of the emancipated on the island, from the first ships to Marcus Garvey. The book bulges with material for every sort of reader, whether his interest be in race problems, questions of Empire, American history and sociology, or just thrilling stories. It draws on all the earlier records, including Lady Nugent's. A. Hyatt Verrill, who is a devotee of pirate history and has made a journey around the islands famous for that trade, includes Jamaica in his book that tells about the trip, "In the Wake of the Buccaneers" (Century); it has handsome illustrations. "Sailing South," by Philip S. Marden (Houghton Mifflin), is one-third about Jamaica, the rest given to Cuba and Panama.

M. A. N., New York, is to spend some months in Normandy.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORMANDY" (Macmillan) has not only a detailed account of things geographical, historical, and picturesque, by Percy Dearmer, but the added attraction of Joseph Pennell's drawings. A. and C. Black's series of books about places includes "Normandy," featuring the unusually clear and detailed color-plates of Nico Jungman—the sort of picture that a returned traveller likes to show to his friends when he tells about the place—with text by G. E. Mitton. Black's "Guide to Normandy," published in 1913, includes Picardy, Artois, Ponthieu, and parts of the Ile de France, and there is Baedeker's "Northern France" (Scribner) and Muirhead's Blue Guide to "Northeastern France" (Macmillan). Doubleday, Page lately sent out their circular "The Book Leaf," a charming photograph of the thatched cottage "in a quiet little French watering-place around the corner from Mont St. Michel" in which Cristopher Morley last summer wrote his latest novel. A classic for this part of the world is Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" (Houghton Mifflin), with an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram and magnificent photographic plates, quite the most

(*Continued on next page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures.

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

McDEVITT-WILSON'S INC. BOOKSELLERS 30 CHURCH STREET NEW YORK

HUDSON TERMINAL BLDG
CORTLAND 1779
Annex—54 Dey St. Cortland 0948

EASTER CARDS

KING EDWARD VII

A new biography

by *Sir Sidney Lee*

Vol. I, covering King Edward's life from birth to accession (November 9, 1841, to January 22, 1901)

With six portraits in photogravure, two facsimile letters, and three maps

As the august babe was shown to the assembled peers and prelates the old Duke of Wellington inquired, brusquely, "Is it a boy?" "Your Grace," was the feminine reply, "he is a Prince." And for once the Duke was crushed.

So entered into the world the Prince who could never appreciate the fact that he was born to decorate history, not to make it.

But make it he did. From St. Petersburg to South Africa, from Quebec to India, his influence and personality were reckoned with in all international dealings. Early in life he earned for himself the title of "Edward the Peacemaker."

Sir Sidney Lee has portrayed the human man as successfully as he has the man of affairs. He shows us the most colorful, congenial, conspicuously prominent royal figure of the times. He shows us the "prince of good fellows" who, when traveling was a hardship, covered in four months 8000 miles by land and 2500 miles by sea; who became acquainted with more rajahs of India than all the reigning viceroys; who saw more of India than any living Englishman. He tells us how, when the floor of the Academy of Music at a ball given in his honor by the city of New York collapsed, the Prince insisted that workmen be called to prop it up that the dance might proceed. And how when the Prince was 18 years old, he was willing to accept the proposal of Blondin, the tight-rope walker, to be wheeled in a barrow over Niagara Falls. Also how he insisted on riding through the streets of Cairo on a donkey.

The New York Times says of this great biography: "Of Sir Sidney Lee's perseverance in the handling of this material it is impossible to speak too highly. He gives the impression throughout the book that his statements are backed by overwhelming authority.

PRICE $8.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Chicago Boston Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

"The Constant Nymph"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I put in a plea, before it is too late, for "The Constant Nymph"—that amazing novel by a young English woman, Margaret Kennedy. What I fear for it, perhaps absurdly, is the wrong kind of readers, and the wrong kind of praise. I fear, in short, that it may become the victim of its own extraordinary power of fascination. No one will escape the charm of this book, but may not this quality, however rare in itself, blind too many of its readers to a deeper quality that I can only call Shakespearian? In its serene understanding of and acceptance of the full gamut of humanity, it is a novel apart. It has in fullest measure that "*bonté*" which Margaret Kennedy grants to one of her characters. It is wise with a wisdom at once instinctive and profoundly cultured. There is in it not one sentimental and not one cynical line.

And finally, though it may easily become a "best seller," it will be able to survive that fate for it transcends its almost fatal attractions. Only, if I am right in believing it has the qualities that are permanent, I should like to see them recognized and emphasized by—ourselves. We leave that sort of thing too much to posterity.

LEE WILSON DODD.

To Each His Idiom

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Seeing Mr. Morley in his recent "Mirror for Magistrates" play at loggats with the bones of the Complete Editor, one feels relieved. No more shall innocent youth be smothered with a featherbed of synecdoche and oxymoron. But soft, the Perfect Editor is not dead; he is is indestructible as Riley's Grandfather Squeers. Having whetted his appetite on prolepsis and metonymy he has found a mow of buttered hay: quartos, sources, and influences.

My Urchiness (thirteen) coaxes for a family reading of "The Merchant of Venice." The play's the thing. She peoples Venice with pageantry; chortles, mocks, and pities by turn, and gets the meat out of the speeches without knowing the etymology of every word. Elisions trouble her not; she takes 'em flying. Equivoques, doubling of the subject, omission of the preposition in relative sentences—of these she is as blissfully unconscious as Shakespeare himself. Though frequently admonished by Polonius, she does not "see Abbott." She might, since Abbott happens to be on a shelf in my study. But the youth who brings our daily paper, and the boy who delivers pills for the druggist, and her other thirty-seven classmates cannot very well "see Abbott."

But Abbott is not her only elision. She has the temerity to enjoy the play without heeding some forty pages of introduction: "sources" ranging from Joannes Damascenus to "Il Pecorone"; and an infinite deal of "The Palladis Tamia" and "The Stationers' Register," together with the several internal tests for determining the date of composition. Worse, this young sinner wilfully ignores a very mare's nest of notes upon Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4, Qq, F 1 and four other F's, and countless etceteras from Rowe to Furness. What will become of her!

Her book is a standard high school text. But even were she in college, what a plague would she have to do with Theobald and Warburton? She would still, I hope, be hungry for Shakespeare rather than the processes by which scholars have provided a readable text. At best their industry and acumen have been admirable: why not present the results and efface the tedious parade of labor?

If she continues to love Shakespeare it will be due in part to her teacher's immunity to pedantry. Many teachers are immune. But when a college freshman who is blunt to the simplest sense of poetry and unable to recognize a line of Wordsworth or Keats, writes paragraphs of solemn twaddle about The Rise of Romanticism, I know that her teacher has "had a seminar." And when a senior has "credits" in The Source of the Arthurian Epic or The Development of Satire and betrays mere ignorance of every living English poem or essay, I conclude that she has munched baled hay of research. I noted once the surprise of a graduate student who, visiting a high school class, discovered the meaning of "prodigal" in "The Merchant of Venice." She was completing a seminar in Elizabethan Drama; for nine months she had counted rhyme tags to provide fodder for her professor's next book.

The pedant only wears his rue with a difference; he still prefers the letter to the spirit. He and his brethren try to teach writing by analysis, by philology, by every means except the love of writing. Keen nosers-out of influences and sources, they cannot credit the miracle of creative genius, the curious hunger and zest of the artist. They distrust a simple enjoyment of beauty, and hoot like the sanhedrin at any avowal of the spiritual. Many of them suffer a secret disappointment: they wanted to write, but scholarship hath them in her seeling clutch. The unwritten (but not unproclaimed) law compels them to "edit something." No editing, no promotion—no appointment even. Sidney Lanier could hardly win permission to lecture today—not without the trademark. Wherefore, more useless editions of thrice-edited classics; more theses upon atomic jot and tittle. And these arbiters have the prospective teacher in their hands; then can make or break him as he acquiesces or rebels; they determine his fitness for teaching by everything but his power to communicate the love of books.

Meantime the undergraduate has problems of his own. Even in a cynical generation, he sometimes reveals a shame-faced hunger. He may have the luck, with an unsophisticated teacher, to discover poems 54 to 56 of "In Memoriam." (Strange how well a despised Victorian can state one's own case.) He finds too that Whitman spoke out in meeting. Masefield sounds good. He would like more of that sort of thing. But if he wants "honors" in English, or a graduate scholarship, or a teacher's credentials, he will have to buckle under.

And all the while life goes on, untouched, unspoiled. I sat through a blessed April afternoon in a black-oak pub room in a fishing village on the Severn below Gloucester. Publican, a man with heart and bowels of understanding, mellow and wise. Bar porter, Bardolph with a dash of Pistol. They opened their hearts; brought in the Admiral of the Severn, an apple-cheeked, shrewd-wrinkled old salmon fisher. He was amenable to an influence never discoverable in thesis-mongering. Out came his classic yarn: his row with the new Oxford curate over some small parish policy—even to the climax when Old West Country shakes an impudent finger under the cultured nose and allows: "Thee bist a bloody lee-ar." Then, Severn weather continuing wet, he and Bardolph dive deeper than plummet line into chop-logic of Lylyism: whether the wriggly wormy elvers that swarm up Severn each spring do or do not return to the Sargasso sea and there, in unvext adolescence, grow up to be eels; and whether peafowls do verily gender, or beget by astrological influence. Five lovely hours I watched Elizabethan England come out and play. And still tired little men write books to prove where Shakespeare got it!

I began with the hope that Polonius was dead. But I chance to open the volume through which some tens of thousands of high school youth are surveying the progress of English poetry. I find synecdoche, antonomasia, litotes, ecphonesis, anacrusis—I could fill three lines more. I note that our paper carrier and the druggist's boy will be informed that a certain passage in Lycidas is "a close imitation of the first idyl of Theocritus and of the tenth eclogue of Virgil." The paper boy, I happen to know, is more concerned about whether Walter Johnson will succeed in buying the franchise for the Oakland team. I note that "bellies' sake" means material welfare; and "lean and flashy songs," insipid sermons. The druggist's boy will be asked to point out the metonymy in "mantling bliss"; and my Urchiness will be told by the editor to discuss whether in the line

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

"glory" and "dream" refer to the same or to different things. Mr. Morley, did any true lover of poetry *ever* note or point out or discuss any of these things? Meantime Hollywood, the comic strips and *Shady Stories* appear to have attained a certain idiom of their own without much need of foot-notes and sources, synecdoche and Q 1. On Cabell.

E. O. JAMES.

Truth or Illusion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Dodd's review of "Straws and Prayerbooks" is the most satisfying discussion of Mr. Cabell I have seen. It alludes to his philosophy of life, and at least hints that all ligical and sensitive persons need not come to such a conclusion. Further discussion of Mr. Cabell's "desert" and "rock" would be welcome. Who can answer Mr. Cabell? I doubt whether anyone living today could do so. But it is refreshing to find a critic suggesting that Mr. Cabell is, perhaps, not unanswerable!

It is satisfying, too, to find a critic of Cabell observing that "Beyond Life" hardly seems to express the profound pessimism of the later books. "It would need but a slight shift in emphasis," says Mr. Dodd, to make the passage (the most significant passage in "Beyond Life") a positive affirmation of the reality of our fairest and most audacious dreams. It matters very little whether our beliefs are "illusions" or not if they are "dynamic." "Beyond Life," it seems to me, is a declaration of faith, however qualified, however indirectly stated. In the characteristic manner of this generation it expresses a faith which was positively and vigorously declared in "Leaves of Grass" in a less sophisticated generation. What Whitman called truth, Cabell calls illusion; but Cabell values his illusions more than anything else in life.

ISABEL TAYLOR.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

absorbing account of its history, its architecture, and the life of which Mont St. Michel has been the centre that has found its way into literature.

Speaking of European travel, as so many of the correspondents of this column have been doing lately, anyone interested in the subject should look up the "Picture Guides" published by the Medici Society, of which fourteen are published or in course of publication. They are translated from French or Italian texts by famous authors, printed in France and bound in this country, and the photographs, of which there are at least 200 to a book, are unusually clear. Also the price is not large. "The French Rivieria" is a good one; so is Gabriel Faure's "The Italian Lakes." And the correspondent for whom I recently made a travel list for Sicily is informed that McBride has published an admirable new ilustrated guide by Henry J. Forman, called "Grecian Italy." I might add, to save answering letters, that the address of the Medici Society is Boyleston St., Boston, and by the way, the price of that pamphlet "An Outline of Biography," by Wilbur L. Cross (Holt) that I so strongly advised all lovers of this art to obtain, is twenty-five cents.

F. C. B., Spokane, Wash., asks me to "straighten out the Powyses" for her.

JOHN COWPER POWYS, author of "Suspended Judgments"; T. F. Powys, who wrote "The Left Leg," and Llewelyn Powys, "Thirteen Worthies," are three brothers in this order of seniority. Their father is a clergyman of the Church of England, of Welsh descent; their mother, a descendant of "Johnny of Norfolk," the cousin of the poet William Cowper who gave him shelter in his last tragic days. John Cowper Powys is even better known in this country as a lecturer, and Llewelyn, who was born in 1884, visited this country in 1908 and lectured here, but developed tuberculosis and after unsuccessful attempts at a cure in Switzerland, set sail for British East Africa, where for five years he was manager of one of the largest and wildest stock farms in that country. His real work as a writer dates from after 1920, when he left Africa for this country. He has written "Confessions of Two Brothers," but is best known by his "Black Daughter" and "Ebony and Ivory." Harcourt, Brace & Co. will soon bring out his new book, "Skin for Skin."

A. S. B., Honolulu, Hawaii, and W. H. S., Midletown, Conn., ask, almost in the same mail, for the names of reference grammar of the English language, not text books for the grades; one wishes also a book on the origin and development of formal grammar.

KITTREDGE AND FARLEY'S "Concise English Grammar" (Ginn) is a good one for reference: a more complete work is "An Advanced English Grammar" (Ginn) by the same authors. The same firm publishes Ball's "Constructive English," a reference work for business or literary use, including grammar and composition, and with an index that is a model of its kind. The "New English Grammar: Logical and Historical" is published in two volumes by the Oxford University Press. It is by Dr. Henry Sweet, the philogical authority; the first volume includes the introduction, phonology and accidence, the second syntax. The Oxford Press publishes also Dr. Sweet's "Short Historical English Grammar."

H. H. M., Chanute, Kansas, asks advice on books for study of Chaucer in a course of English poetry with a background of history and geography, and also asks about a concise history of England.

FOR the history, the one-volume "New History of Great Britain," by R. B. Mowat (Oxford University Press), which is arranged for text-book use but could be read aloud for entertainment. Even the pictures are unusually good. "Chaucer and his England," by G. C. Coulter (Dutton), appeared first in 1908, and has been thrice reprinted. It is a panorama of the time, full of sights and gestures; it quotes, not only the "Tales" but vivacious and uncomplimentary outbursts like the roundel lately sung at the concerts of "new music," "Since I from Love escaped am so fat." This very day as I write comes from the press a little book of essays named from the first one, "Chaucer's Nuns" (Appleton), a book whose special charm—and charm is the word for it—is that the author is herself a nun, Sister M. Madeleva, and therefrom enabled to point out matters that none but a religious would see so clearly. This is otherwise a remarkable book, full of fresh-air and joyous wisdom; Edna St. Vincent Millay had never more sympathetic treatment than from this erudite and light-hearted lady.

B. S. B. L., Chicago, tells M. M., Tryon, N. C., of three biographies for her proposed list of indispensables.

"IMPRESSIONS THAT REMAINED," by Dame Ethel Smyth, Mus. Doc. (Longmans, Green: 2 vols.) a most unusual autobiography, more thrilling than any novel; "Life of Samuel Butler" (Macmillan, 2 vols.), and "Life and Letters of George Tyrrell," by Maud Petre. "She will also," says B. S. B. L., "enjoy an article on 'The Pleasure of Reading Biographies,' by Arthur Clutton-Brock, in the *Living Age* of April 14, 1923, which delighted me by referring to these three which had been intimates of mine, and introduced me to the 'Life and Letters of Peter Ilich Tchaikowsky,' by his brother Modeste Tchaikowsky (Dodd, Mead) which I am just now reading."

E. L. D., Parkersburg, W. Va., thinks that P. M. W., Lakeland, Fla., is on the wrong track in assigning to Mark Twain the saying that "all humor is based on nine original jokes and everything since has been but variations of the nine."

"I HEARD," says she, "Robert J. Burdette say in a lecture here a few years ago before his death that 'there were only seven original jokes and that every joke in existence was some variation of those seven.' He went on: 'so *tell* your joke: you can't be very original but you can make *somebody* laugh every time you tell your joke, probably, and every laugh is to the good,'" So it was only seven in the time of Robert J. Burdette? Well, since his passing we have introduced the Ford and the Amendment, which puts it back again to the tally of the muses.

The American Art Galleries announce the forthcoming sale of the fine private library of the late Francis R. Arnold of this city, on March 30, 31, and April 1. This well-known collection contains first editions and rare issues of the works of great English and American nineteenth century authors and illustrators. The illustrators include notable rarities of George Cruikshank, Thomas Rowlandson, Henry Alken, and others of the period. First editions in separate volumes and fine issues comprise notable collections of such authors as Charles Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, Charles Lamb, Percy B. Shelley, Robert Louis Stevenson, and William M. Thackeray.

What is one of the best and fullest accounts of German colonial policy and of Bismarck's relation to it, although unfortunately it was written before some of the documents bearing on the Prince's handling of diplomatic situations were available, has recently come from the pen of Maximilian von Hagen. "Bismarcks Kolonialpolitik" (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Institut) displays exhaustive scholarship and wide research and is an important study.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF PRINTING LIBRARY

THE typographical library of Oscar Aurelius Mogner of Brooklyn, comprising books on the origin of printing, bookbinding, paper manufacture, kindred arts, and bibliography, was sold at the Anderson Galleries March 4 and 5, 461 lots bringing $6,019.75. The steadily growing interest in bibliography and books concerning printing and allied interests among collectors was shown in the firm prices throughout this sale. The rarest item was Joan Stradanus's "Nova Reperta," oblong 4to, boards, printed in the sixteenth century, of which only two or three perfect copies are known. This copy with the rare printing office plate sold for $500 and went to Walter M. Hill of Chicago.

Other interesting items and the prices realized were the following:

Atkyns (Richard). "The Origin and Growth of Printing," small 4to, morocco by Matthews, London, 1664. With W. L. Andrews bookplate. $250.

Bibliography. "The Kelmscott and Doves Presses in the Library of William Andrews Clark, Jr.," compiled by Robert E. Cowan, 4to, boards, San Francisco, 1921. Printed by John Henry Nash. $35.

Bibliography. "Wilde and Wildeiana in the Library of William Andrews Clark, Jr.," 3 vols., 4to, boards, cloth backs, San Francisco, 1922. Printed by John Henry Nash. $55.

Bodini (G.). "Manuale Tipografico," 2 vols., folio, canvas, Parma, 1818. $85.

Claudin (A.). "Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France au XVe et XVIe Siècle," 4 vols., royal 8vo, portfolios, Paris, 1900-14. Most important work on history of French printing. $127.50.

Doves Press. Winship (George Parker). "William Caxton," small 4to, boards, Hammersmith, 1909. One of the rarest of the Doves Press publications. $62.50.

Fry (Edmund). "Pantographia," royal 8vo, bound in pigskin by Stikeman, London, 1799. One of two large paper copies printed on vellum. $57.50.

Grolier Club. "The Philobiblon of Richard De Bury," 3 vols., small 4to, levant by Stikeman, New York, 1889. $65.

Incunabula. "Catalogue of Books mostly from the Presses of the First Printers," collected by Rush C. Hawkins and catalogued by Alfred W. Pollard, 4to, cloth, Oxford, 1910. $51.

Kelmscott Press. "A Note by William Morris on his Aims in Founding the Kelmscott Press," 8vo, boards, London, 1898. Last book printed at the Kelmscott Press. $30.

Moxon (Joseph). "Mechanic Exercises," 2 vols. in one, small 4to, levant by Reviere, London, 1677-83. $57.50.

Schaffers (Jacob Christian). "Versuche und Muster ohne alle Lumpen oder doch mit einem geringen Zusatze derselben Papier zu machen," 2 vols. in one, engraved frontispiece, 5 engraved plates and 34 specimens of paper; engraved frontispiece, 3 engraved plates, colored by hand, 33 specimens of paper, 2 vols. in one. Altogether 4 vols. in two, small 4to, full pigskin by Sikeman, Regenburg, 1765. Rarest of all books on paper-making. $425.

Thomas (Isaiah). "The History of Printing in America," 2 vols., 8vo., levant by Canape, Worcester, 1810. With the Isaiah Thomas bookplate engraved by Paul Revere in the first volume. $57.

"EDITIONS-DE-LUST."

UNDER the pseudonym of "Roxburghe" *The Bookman's Journal* prints an article on "Post-War Publishing and the Edition-de-lust," which is well worth the attention of collectors here in America. We reprint a paragraph:

"The collectors' edition—either large paper or de luxe; sometimes signed, sometimes merely numbered—has been with us for many generations. Such editions were usually in strict ratio to the numerical strength of libraries and collectors. But what happened after the war? Certain publishers, with quantitative minds, seemed to get a distorted idea as to the number of people who could afford de-luxe editions. Said they to themselves: if two hundred people will buy signed de-luxe editions at two or three guineas each, why not a thousand? And as if to ensure their ultimate disillusionment, they made the standard of production such that the books were little more than signed editions. The result is obvious: of limited editions produced in recent years only a proportion—i.e., those editions, really limited and finely produced, of esteemed authors—will be worth anything like as much as their original price to-morrow. Those who bought the other kind, hoping that their subscriptions were good investments, have a cruel awakening in store when the day comes for the adjusting of book values. Indeed, for some, the day has already come, for quite recently bundles of three or four books by the same author, issued in wholesale signed editions, have realized together less than the price at which any one of them was issued. Not satisfied with signed editions of 500 or 750 copies of the slim original volumes, there were also signed editions, similarly large, of later volumes, in which the contents were collected and reprinted. 'First' or no 'first,' the signatures were the thing, and plenty of them. The craze reached its height of folly probably with the issue of an edition not only signed by the author but containing a couple of lines of verse inscribed in each volume in his autograph."

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE March number of *Antiques* contains an interesting article on William Hamlin under the title of "Rhode Island's First Engraver," contributed by Gladys R. Lane, assistant librarian of Shepley Library of Providence. In addition to a very carefully prepared biographical sketch, there is a check list of forty-five of Hamlin's engravings, all carefully described.

The ten British authors whose first editions were most in demand in England during the five weeks ending January 24, according to the analysis of desiderata of second hand booksellers published in *The Bookman's Journal* for February are as follows: John Galsworthy, Anthony Trollope, W. H. Hudson, Rudyard Kipling, George Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Louise Imogen Guiney, George Gissing, and W. J. Locke.

Houghton Mifflin Company have just issued "Letters of the American Revolution, 1774-1776," edited by Margaret W. Willard, in a limited edition of 1,000 copies. This series of letters written by British officers in America to friends abroad makes a vivid picture of America in the 1770's as the protagonists saw it.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 6 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

BOOK LOVERS, Collectors and Readers in general find pleasure in visiting our shop, where a clean, well-selected and richly varied stock of books in all branches of Art, Science and Literature is offered at reasonable prices. Courteous and intelligent service. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues issued. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 83 Fourth Ave., New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 1383.

EXCHANGE your undesired books for desired ones. Write for terms. Your book wants will be promptly attended to. Brussels Book Exchange, 149 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FOR THE BOOK LOVER. Rare books—First Editions—Books now out of print. Latest catalogue sent on request. C. Gerhardt, 25 West 42d St., New York.

1925 CATALOGUES. 122—Travel, Topography and Ethnology. 123—Geology, Palæontology and Mineralogy (including the privately-purchased library of Sir Jethro Teall, F.R.S.). 124—English Literature, with many "Association" volumes. Post free on request to Dulau and Company, Ltd., 34, 35 and 36 Margaret Street, London, W. (1). Established 1792. "Dulau and Co., Ltd., with whom one now associates volumes of especial bibliographical interest."—*New York Times.*

FIRST EDITIONS of Modern Authors in fine condition. Books, Prints, Programmes and Photographs relating to the Drama. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good Literature at moderate prices. Monthly Catalogs issued. Oxford Books Shop. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., at 24th St. The Sign of the Sparrow.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

RARE BOOKS and Modern First Editions. Catalogues gratis. Antiquarian Book Company, Stratford-on-Avon, England.

READY NOW: a catalogue of first editions, private press books, costume, etc. Agents for the Golden Cockerel Press and the Fleuron, England. Ready shortly: definitive edition of William Blake's writings—The Nonesuch Press. 3 vols. $40.00. Stanley Nott. The Chaucer Head Inc., 12 West 47th St., N. Y. C.

SPECIALISTS

WE SPECIALIZE in furnishing books for fixed monthly or yearly sums to persons anywhere in the world. Suggestions for reading based on individual needs or wishes made without charge. Circular without obligations. The Arnold Company, Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

SEXOLOGICAL LITERATURE Descriptive Circulars Free. American Library Service, Dept. 103, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

PERSONS OF CULTIVATED TASTES who would appreciate the opportunity to read, *without buying*, rare, choice and unusual books; limited, privately printed and expensive editions; unabridged reprints and translations of famous classics, are invited to write to Esoterika Biblion Society, 45 West 45th St., New York City.

LIST OF RARE Lincoln items sent on request. M. H. Briggs, 5113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Our stock is most complete. Send for catalogue stating language desired. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WRITERS' SERVICE

LITERARY RESEARCH. Writers—Don't hamper your creative talents! Let us do the digging. Data furnished for articles, essays, and lectures. Manuscript typing, editing, and criticizing. Translations. Reasonable rates. Southern Literary Bureau, Box 1035, New Orleans, La. Dept. S.

CONSTRUCTIVE ANALYTICAL criticism of manuscripts; sales arranged. Publisher's advisor, former fiction editor, contributor vaious publications. Short stories: $5.00; Novels, $15.00. Inclose remittance. Kenneth Fuessle, 6 East 8th Street, New York.

LANGUAGES

GRAMMARS AND DICTIONARIES of Oriental languages. Benj. F. Gravely, Martinsville, Va.

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

BOOKS REVIEWED in this issue sent post free anywhere. Special attention to kinsprits. Greenwich Village Book Shop, 4 Christopher St., New York City. Spring 8516.

BUIST'S BOOK SEARCH SERVICE will find the book you want at the most reasonable price. No charge until the book is found. David Craig Buist, 7 Elm St., Springfield, Mass.

CONDER'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave., New York. Apply for catalogue of desirable second-hand books. Books also bought.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

THE VILLAGE BOOK SHELVES, 144 MacDougal St., New York, announces that books in their circulating library may be ordered by telephone or mail and they will be delivered promptly by messenger. Call Spring 5886.

THE GOLDEN GALLEON Magazine is laden with treasure for you: $1.00 per year. Golden Galleon, 817 Board of Trade, Kansas City, Missouri.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalogue of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Opera Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

THE WEST; the Indians; local history; genealogy. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

GISSING'S HOUSE OF COBWEBS, $1.50; By The Ionian Sea, $2.00. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street. (Bryant 5812)

SEND FOR CATALOGUE of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 10 West 47th St., New York.

CODE BOOKS

BENSINGER CODES—When it's Cable-Codes you want, remember that Bensinger sells them for every purpose. Right in price and quality—guaranteed correct. S. R. Bensinger Co. (Est. 1887), 17 Whitehall St., New York. Cables. Multigraph. Phone: Bowling Green 6989.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

BOOKS FOR WRITERS: And competent Editorial Assistance in the Criticism, Revision and Publication of their Work. 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50; Polti's 36 Dramatic Situations, $1.50; Art of Inventing Characters, $2.50; Plotting the Short Story, $1.00; Technique of Fiction Writing, $1.75; How to Write a Short Story, 65c. Catalogue 25 others. Manuscripts revised, typed, advice as to markets. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence invited. James Knapp Reeve (former Editor, *The Editor*), 3 Alexander Building, Franklin, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. American Library Service, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10435.

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, genealogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bibliaphile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York. Pennsylvania 2986.

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." Books out of print searched for gratuitously. Ginsburg's Bookshop, 1823 Pitkin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRINTERS

AUTHORS! LET US PRINT YOUR books, pamphlets, etc. We are thoroughly experienced to publish, arrange for publicity, advertising, handle sales, etc. Particulars free. Correspondence invited. American Library Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, Department 900, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO-DAY we are MAKing aN ino6$vation, as you mayalready have guessed we are typing this article ourselves Zz½lnstead of writing it, The idea is to save time and exvBK-pense, also to demonstyap demon-BTrike damn, to demonstrat0 that we can type /ust as well as any blessed girl If we give our minds to iT" the typewriter to us has always been a mustery$? and even now that we have npt th3 fainte$t idea hoW it workss%$, damn that $, it keeps but-ting in: it is Just lik real life. The great difficulty about typewriting is that sometimes insted ofpressing the key marked cap we mean CAP one presses xxxx down the key m arked FIG and then instead of THE OLD FLAME by A P HERBERT you find that you have written 5&3 9)$ %)"/3 by "O & 34:345. this is very dissheartening and it is no wonder that typists are sooften sououred in their youth.

Apart from that though the key marked FIG is rather fun, since you can rite such amusing things withit, things like % and # and dear old & not to mention ¼ and ¾ and ! ! !

We find that inones ordinarry cor orresponden$e one doesnt use ex-pressions like %% and ## nearly enough. typewriting gives you a new ideaof possibilities o fthe engli$h language. the english language needs imp roving to ennable itto describe the work of A. P. Herbert. His lat-est book is too funny to talk or type-write about so we'll draw a picture of it. Here it is

T THE OLD FLAME T
H by ap herbert H
E THE OLD FLAME E
O by A pherbert O
L THE OLD FLAME L
D by a.Pherbert D
F THE OLD FLAME F
L by a.pHerbert L
A THE OLD FLAME A
M by AP HErbert M
E THE OLD FLAME E

This advertisement is largely bor-rowed from MR. HErbert's "Little Rays of Moonshine" which is un-fortunately for the time being out of print. but you can get his latest book THE OLD FLAME, at any bookstore for $1.75, and its just about the funniest story he or any-body ever wrote.

DOUbleday, page & CO.

The Phoenix Nest

"WERE you ever a Child?" as Mr. Floyd Dell once so pregnantly asked. Have you ever gone in for Prize Contests? We have. We once thought we could supply the last line of a Limerick that ran, well, possibly something as follows:

A policeman who walked on his beat
Found his shoes were too big for his feet.
In the dead of the night
He appeared with a light ——

Well, as we say, all we needed was a last line, and the prize ran to several hundred simoleons. So we began cogitating. We evolved, "And the rest we had better delete." Of course we hadn't the slightest idea what the whole thing was about. But the three last lines that won prizes ran, probably, something as follows: "For the old guy was crazed with the heat," "And his shoes has since then been replete," and "What is one man's poison is another man's meat."

So we have retired from the Limerick Contests, but every other night or so we wake up in a cold perspiration wondering what really could have happened to that unfortunate policeman. In fact we have planned the opening chapters of a whole novel about it.

And then there was the title for an untitled moving-picture. We worked hard at that contest. We sent in lots of titles. Our titles, to shade the truth, were things like "Forked Lightning," "God's Thunderbolt," "Eagle Wings," and so on. Pretty mellow, we'll admit, but perhaps with a certain "punch." We've forgotten the title that won the prize, but it seemed to us singularly colorless beside our burly efforts.

And now we have been brooding for hours upon some twenty-five thousand dollars offered for "an idea for a thrilling story of love and action" suitable for a moving picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN! Well, boys, we think we've got it—we really (not to congratulate ourselves un-duly) think we have distinctly *got* it. So here is "Our Scenario," and we're sure you'll agree with us.

OUR SCENARIO—
BLACK BANDITS, or MYRTLE'S MODEST PRIDE

What could have kept him so long? The unformed question rose to the lips of the modest young girl in green waiting furtive-ly in the United Cigar Store on the corner of Avenue A. Myrtle loved Alonzo, but Arthur Inchbald knew it. Inchbald was the third vice-president of the International Refrigerating Company, the Haroun Al Raschid of Manhattan's Arabian Nights. Outside the United Cigar Store he prowled ponderously in the gathering dusk.

She wished Alonzo would come, and here he came. Feet first. He was carried into the store by two members of the Ku Klux Klan, who dropped the stretcher with a loud thump upon the tesselated floor and countermarched from the United. Stifling a shrill scream, Myrtle rushed to a tele-phone booth and yelled "Police!" into the receiver. Then she returned to her solitary vigil all through the long night hours.

About two A. M. a face was pressed against the pane, the face of Arthur Inch-bald. Slowly and menacingly the door swung open. Inchbald entered disguised as an old scrubwoman and began to mop up the floor of the Cigar Store. Myrtle crouched in one corner covering from des-ecration with the veil of her profuse dark hair the lifeless form of her lover Alonzo. IT MUST BE CLEAN, rang through her brain. Alonzo had, as a matter of fact, been her *fiancé*. He came from poor but honest parents and had never done a day's work in his life. Suddenly close to her face rose the countenance of the leering old scrubwoman (close-up) Inchbald. IT MUST BE CLEAN! hissed a tigrish voice in her ear. "Yeah, sure must," nodded Myrtle, stuffing a package of spearmint in her mouth and beginning to chew.

"Any idea how this thing is going to work out?" asked Inchbald, sitting down on the floor and taking off his scrubwoman's wig. "Awful stuffy in this store, ain't it?"

"You e-nun-ciated something," Myrtle came right back at him.

"But——?"

"How'd I know how it's gonna end? Doncha know yerself?"

"Fat chance! Where's the author?"

"Gonta lunch, o' course. They always go out to lunch."

"Say, I wanta eat too!"

"Well, I gotta stick here with this dum-my. But you go on out an' eat if ye wanta."

"Say, I kinda like you!"

"Tie that outside. Aincha got the sense to know I ain't gonna fall fer you in this story?"

"My girl, I am Arthur Inchbald, the Great Inchbald, the Haroun al Raschid——"

"Garn! I know you, Spike Mac-Dermott!"

Meanwhile; ah God, that we should have to tell it; Mrs. J. J. Vanderhuysen is throw-ing a swell party in her mansion on Upper Fifth Avenue. Edith, her daughter, is com-ing out. She comes out, into the moon-light of the roof-garden, while chorus girls emerge from huge artificial cabbage roses in the midst of the dining-table down-stairs. Down on Avenue A—meanwhile—a fierce snowstorm has set in and beats against the windows of the United Cigar Store. But up on the Vanderhuysen roof-garden it is limpid moonlight and balmy June. At Edith's shoulder stands George Bolton, A Man with A Past—and practically no fu-ture.

"Edith," he grates, "I have hazarded my all on Harebell to lose at Tia Juana. If that jockey plays me false!" He hisses the rest. "Unhand me! I am Frederick's!" re-turns Edith without emotion, "Gotta match?" As Bolton lights her cigarette he perceives Maisie, Frederick's sister, lurking behind a large potted plant. Flipping up his six-gun he nearly wings Maisie who, however, dodges. George jumps his cayuse over the rampart of the roof-garden and disappears in a cloud of dust. Just then the 6:18 hits the cut-off and comes rocking 'round the spur. Frederick, on his motorcycle, bends more grimly over the handles. Who will be first at South Bend?

As Mrs. Oliver turns upon the stairs she confronts her second husband twice-removed. Motioning to a butler she has him removed again. Meanwhile Frederick caught in the falling débris of the mine-shaft is straining his muscled back at the crushing timbers. Before him glimmers the picture of Mrs. Piano in her log-cabin in the Adirondacks, seated at the melodeon while curly-haired tots cluster upon the stairs behind her. But plunged in the cruel night-life of Folly-wood Maisie has learned her lesson. The strikers mass before the residence of Rufus McGonigle. In his luxurious study—as he calls it—upstairs, he sits cleaning an ele-phant gun. He has just returned from hunt-ing hartebeeste in Africa. A couple of dozen slant-eyed celestials watch him leer-ingly from behind the curtains.

Then Sadie explains to Mrs. Vander-huysen that George Bolton was not the man who had made Gertrude's mother mad when he fell down the cellar stairs getting a wrist-watch for Mrs. Oliver, and just then Alfred bursts in with the news that Hare-bell has won at Tia Juana and the Amal-gamated Bootblacks are on strike. This troubles Frederick because Maisie has been out until 10:30 the night before and is suspected of having robbed the McGonigle mansion on Park Avenue. But just then it is proven that it was an Hungarian named Swabkyazlo who abducted the par-lor maid of Mrs. Piano, and so the pearls are returned to the Duchess and Edward turns out to be the son-in-law of his great-aunt, Julia Archer. For the matter of that, Swabkyazlo turns out to be the niece of Mrs. Oliver and Harebell turns out to be the adopted uncle of Maisie, while Inchbald and Mrs. Vanderhuysen turn out to be the same person. Spike MacDermott mar-ries the Duchess. Alfred elopes with George Bolton. And it is discovered that it was Mrs. Piano who really robbed the Mc-Gonigle mansion. So ——

Came the first flush of Sierran spring-time to the rocky reaches of the Great Salt Lake. Heavenly harbingers tweeted among the apple blossoms, and down the orchard paths strolled two now hand in hand. (Close Up) Beyond the farthest cactus he turned to her. "Edith!" "Alonzo!" High above them towered the portent and pro-phecy of their wedlock: IT MUST BE CLEAN.

W. R. B.

BORZOI BOOKS

The only first novel by an English writer that I shall publish this season.

MY NAME IS LEGION

by CHARLES MORGAN

This remarkable novel tells the story of a girl born more spirit than flesh—of her life among the lust and vulgarity of the modern world—of her effect upon the grossly or subtly carnal men and women about her and their effect upon her. A moving and very beautiful work, that marks the advent of a significant and arresting talent. $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 *Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK*
In Canada from The Macmillan Co., Toronto

Already in its 5th Large Printing

THE MATRIARCH
by G. B. STERN

"The record of a gay cosmopolitan family. . . . Nothing but a reading of the book can convey its liveliness, breadth, unity and distinction. It is a literary achievement that should not be missed."—*The Booklist, A Guide to the Best New Books, American Library Association.* $2.50

THE NOBEL PRIZE NOVEL

THE PEASANTS
by LADISLAS REYMONT

The Atlantic Monthly says: "Here is a noble book, a panorama of whole aspects of civilization. One can imag-ine readers hundreds of years hence, grateful to the author for a work which enables them to recreate for-gotten phases of social life better than Homer enables us to re-create Greece." *To be complete in four volumes. "Autumn" and "Winter" are now ready.* $2.50 each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED